

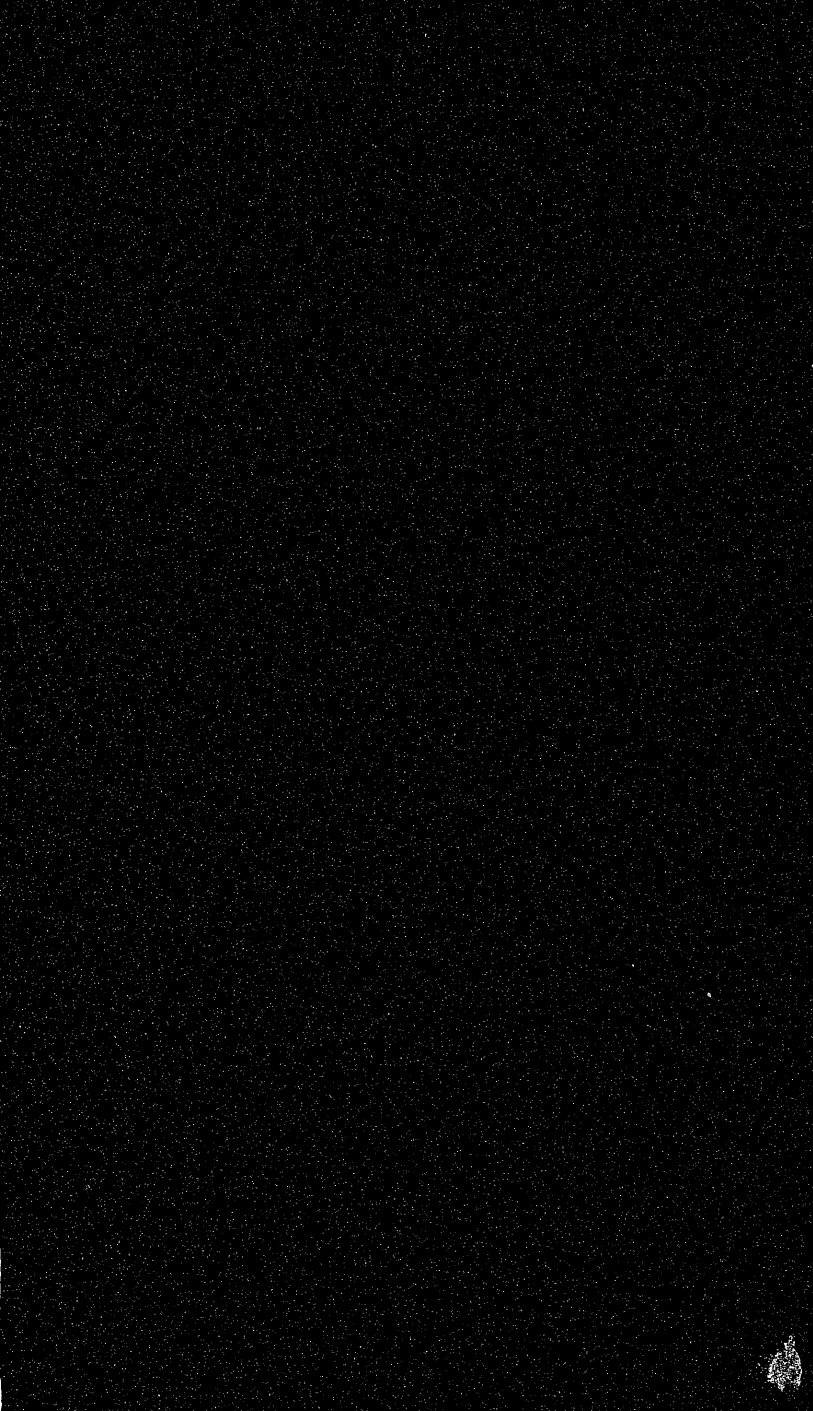
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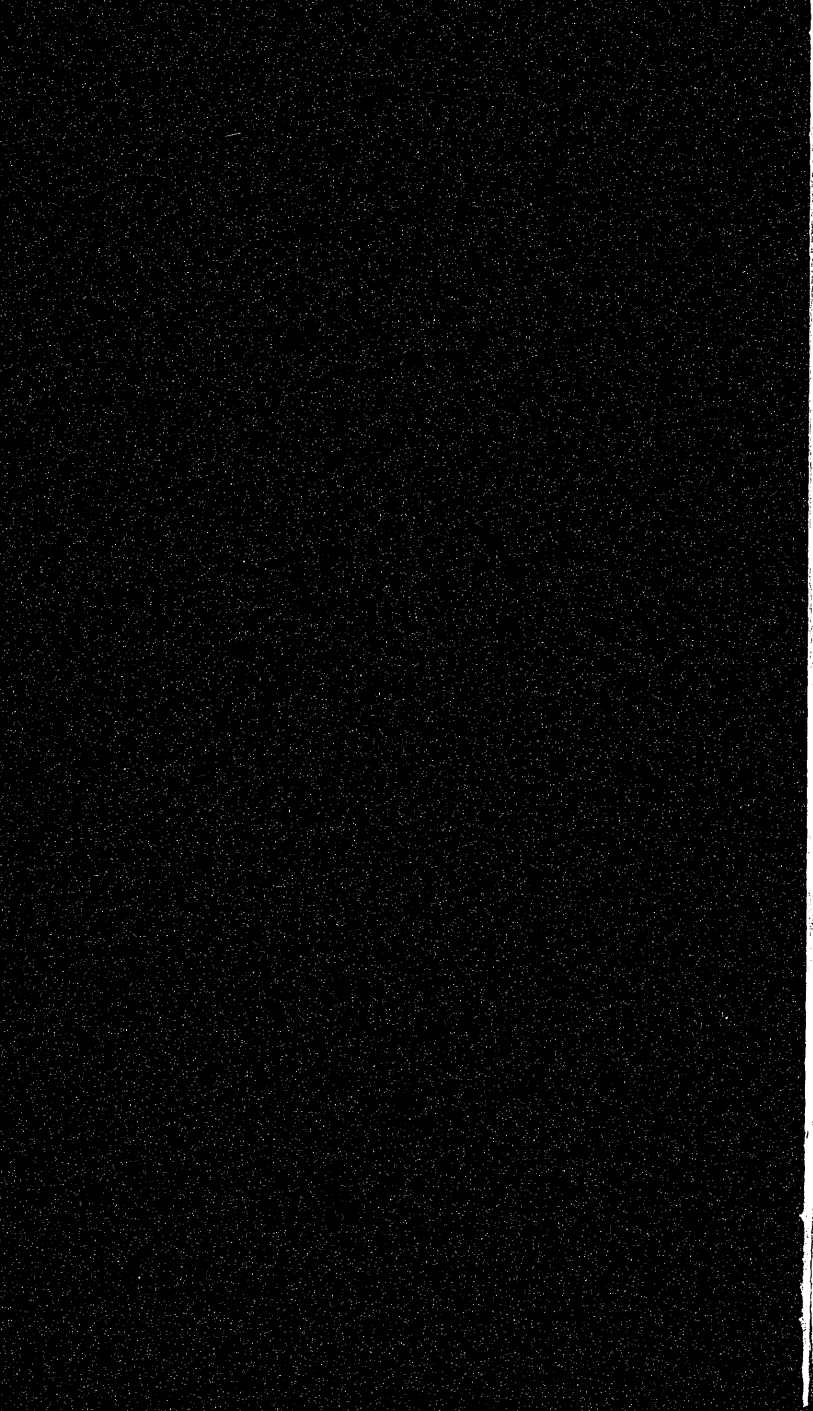
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SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL
IN GOD'S WORLD

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN GOD'S WORLD

*A Course in Religion for the Third Grade
in the Sunday, Week-Day, or
Vacation Church School*

BY
AMY CLOWES

EDITED BY
BLANCHE CARRIER

This series of texts includes also:
BUILDING A CHRISTIAN CHARACTER
CARRIER AND CLOWES
For Grades 4 and 5

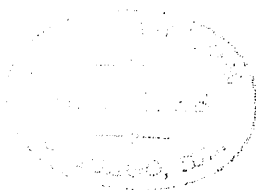
THE KINGDOM OF LOVE
CARRIER
For Grades 6, 7, and 8

RICHARD R. SMITH, INC.
NEW YORK

1930

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To

THE MEMORY OF MY MOTHER

WHO TAUGHT ME TO APPRECIATE THE BEAUTIFUL
THINGS IN THE WORLD.



NOTE BY THE EDITOR

DURING the four years in which Miss Clowes was a teacher in the Dayton Week-day Schools of Religion, she did much to develop the course of study for the third grade. The outline was developed in a conference of all teachers of that grade. The materials were supplied first by the supervisor, then added to, revised, deleted, according to the experience of the teachers. During the last two years, Miss Clowes was chairman of the committee at work on the course and personally did a great deal to develop it. It was used experimentally with from fifty to sixty classes each year.

We felt the need, however, for greater spontaneity and pupil-purposing. Only thus could the course become a part of the everyday experience of the children; only thus could misconceptions be corrected, specific habits of the Christian life be built, and skill in making right choices developed. When Miss Clowes began her study at the Hartford School of Religious Education she found there in the point of view of Dr. A. J. William Myers and Miss Edna Baxter exactly the emphasis we had sought. She undertook, therefore, as a special piece of experimental work for the year, the recasting of the course in terms of the freer method of the experience-centered curriculum.

In addition to her Dayton experience, she was fortunate in securing two third-grade groups for experimentation—in a week-day church school of New Britain, Connecticut, and in the Vacation Church School of the Calvary Lutheran Church of Wilkinsburg, Pennsylvania. At the close of the year of study and experimentation this book was put into its final form.

Miss Clowes has put to excellent use her understanding of primary children and her insight into their attitudes and conceptions. She has worked out a method which allows for full development of religious experience for the individual and the group through a recognition of their interests, through encouragement of a happy spontaneity and a natural creativeness.

Experienced teachers who are eager to use the freer method will find the course stimulating. Less experienced teachers will need to read each enterprise several times before meeting their classes. They will endeavor to discover the underlying philosophy which caused the teacher to find some responses valuable and to treat others as irrelevant. They may find it helpful to list all the possible activities, conversation emphases, and materials that might be used in a particular session, and by reading this list many times have a store of possibilities on which to draw when the class brings in one interest or another. They will read between the lines to observe how each enterprise began and when the time for a new one has come, for thus they will gain freedom in their own teaching. They will learn to be patient with their

own blunders in attempting this difficult technique of securing the best results from the group life.

We are hopeful that the course will prove a real contribution to the field of religious education.

BLANCHE CARRIER.

PREFACE

THE writer of this course is greatly indebted to a number of teachers and leaders in the field for helpful suggestions which they have made. She is especially grateful to Dr. A. J. William Myers and to Professor Edna M. Baxter, of the Hartford School of Religious Education, both of whom have from time to time contributed new and helpful points of view in teaching.

Miss Blanche Carrier has contributed greatly, both in her supervision of teaching and in the construction of the course. The book contains many stories which Miss Carrier wrote for the Dayton classes.

To each of the three grateful acknowledgment is given for valuable suggestions on the manuscript.

Acknowledgment is gladly given to the Rev. Luther A. Krouse, pastor of the Calvary Lutheran Church at Wilkinsburg, and to Miss Estella Dickinson, supervisor of the Week-day Church Schools of New Britain, Connecticut, for their kindness in permitting freedom for experimentation with classes under their supervision.

Miss Dorothy Turner of Wilkinsburg and Mrs. Frances De Mers of New Britain have made it possible to include actual responses of the children as recorded by them during the session.

Teachers who have made special contributions to

the course as it was outlined at Dayton are Mrs. Emerson Halderman, Mrs. Harold Geiger, Miss Esther Boese, Miss Elizabeth Robson, and Miss Lena Behrend.

The writer hopes that each teacher who attempts to aid others in the development of an appreciation of the beauty of this world will experience great joy in her task. May she be conscious of the truth of these words:

“In beauty I walk,
With beauty before me I walk,
With beauty behind me I walk,
With beauty above me I walk.”¹

AMY CLOWES.

Elkhorn, Wisconsin,
July, 1929.

¹Words from an old Indian song.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NOTE BY THE EDITOR	vii
PREFACE	xi
INDEX 1. STORIES	xv
INDEX 2. POEMS	xvi
INDEX 3. SONGS AND MUSIC	xvii
DIRECTIONS FOR GAMES	xvii
TOPICAL INDEX	xix
MATERIALS TO OWN	xxi
INTRODUCTION	xxv
SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN GOD'S WORLD (Seven Sessions)	I
A THANKSGIVING ENTERPRISE (Four Sessions)	31
SEEKING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT (Six Sessions)	43
SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN JESUS' LIFE (Six Sessions)	57
AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDLINESS (Five Ses- sions).	77
THE BEAUTY OF THE EASTER MESSAGE (Three Sessions)	91

	PAGE
A STUDY ABOUT PRAYER (Two Sessions)	99
HELPING GOD MAKE OUR HOMES HAPPY (Six Sessions)	107
STORIES.	125
POEMS AND SONGS	193
DIRECTIONS FOR GAMES	205

INDEX 1. STORIES

	PAGE
Abraham Stopping a Quarrel	136
Artist Who Forgot Four Colors, The	180
Blind Man Healed, A.	156
Discontented Squirrel, The	134
Disobedient Dicky Bird, The	190
Fairy's New Year Gift, The	154
First Christmas, The	150
First Easter, The	170
God's Great Gift	131
God's Wonderful World	129
Heidi's Prayer	185
Jesus' Love for a Woman	164
Jesus Showing God's Love for All Nations	163
Jesus Teaching a Beautiful Way to Live	167
Jesus Teaching About God's Care	166
Little Gold Cock That Could Not Lie, The	139
Lost Children, The	183

	PAGE
Minstrel Song, The	172
Philip and His Tools	147
Quarrels	138
Taki of Teapot Lane	177
Thankful Heart, A	145
Thanking God for a Great Gift	142
To Whom Shall We Give Thanks?	127
Visit of the Wise Men, The	152
What Bradley Owed	188
Worm That Waited, The	168
Zacchaeus Learning How to Live	159

INDEX 2. POEMS

Bedtime Prayer, A	200
Far Away in Old Judea	199
Gentleman Gay	197
Great, Wide, Wonderful World	195
I Love You, Mother	201
Jolly Polly	202
On Our Street	196
Sharing	196
Table Prayer, A	199

INDEX

xvii

PAGE

Thankful Song, My	196
Then and Now	198
Though Black the Hand	200
What Would You Do?	200
World Is Full of Children, The	201

INDEX 3. SONGS AND MUSIC

Help Us, Lord	202
We Thank Thee for Our Happy Homes	203

DIRECTIONS FOR GAMES

	PAGE
Bounce the Ball	207
Hana, Hana, Hana, Huchi	207
Hop Tag	208
Otodoma	208

TOPICAL INDEX

(Many page references include pages immediately following.)

	PAGE
Beauty in nature	3
Care for our bodies	12
Christmas, Meaning of	45
Dramatization	19, 63
Exhibit	116
God's attitude toward wrong	5
God's attitude toward suffering	13
God the creator	5
Home appreciation	109
Immortality	70
Interpretation of poems, songs, pictures	xxxiii
Japan, Appreciation for	82
Jesus	59
Making of books	64
Making gifts	19, 116
Making a Palestinian village	65

Making poems	6, 75
Making posters	8, 14, 62, 82, 112
Museum trips	84
New Year, Meaning of	54
Playing together beautifully	16
Prayer	65, 101
Pupil decisions	xxx, 39, 64, 88
Pupil purposing	xxviii, 24, 28, 50
Purpose of the course	xxvi
Truthfulness	24
Worship service	40
Worship, Planning for	15, 105

MATERIALS TO OWN

I. BOOKS THE TEACHER WILL NEED

First Book in Hymns and Worship, A, by Edith Lovell Thomas, published by The Abingdon Press, New York.

Story-Teller, The, by Maud Lindsay, published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., Boston.

2. BOOKS THE TEACHER WILL ENJOY OWNING

Make-It Book, The, by Rachel T. Dixon and Marjorie Hartwell, published by Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

Song and Play for Children, by Frances W. Danielson and Grace Wilbur Conant, published by The Stanhope Press, Boston.

Worship and Conduct Songs for Beginners' and Primaries, by Elizabeth Mc. E. Shields, published by The Presbyterian Committee of Publications, Richmond.

3. PICTURES

Brown-Robertson Co., New York, No. 110, *The Angelus* (in color).

Children of Many Lands. Set of posters from the National Council for the Prevention of War,

532 Seventeenth Street N. W., Washington,
D. C.

Copping, Harold. Many of the pictures in the large-sized set from the Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, Canada, will be of value. Also *The Hope of the World*, and the following which appeared in the *Ladies' Home Journal: The Sermon on the Mount*, December, 1922; *Then Came She and Worshipped Him*, May, 1923; and *And Lo, the Angel of the Lord Came upon Them*, January, 1923.

Perry Picture Company, Malden, Mass.:

Anderson: *Chorister Boys*, (1016)

Le Rolle: *Arrival of the Shepherds* (620)

Millet: *The Angelus* (509)

Plockhorst: *Announcement to the Shepherds* (811)

Plockhorst: *Teaching from a Boat* (804)

Plockhorst: *Christ Blessing the Children* (807)

Smith, Jessie Wilcox, Cosmopolitan Print Co., 140

West Fortieth Street, New York:

Among the Autumn Leaves (912)

April Showers (942)

Baby's Prayer (920)

Butterflies (937)

Playmates (909)

Rosebuds (908)

Tulips (916)

Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star (421)

We Give Thee Thanks (931)

Tarrant, Margaret, Medici Prints, Boston:

Woodland Friends.

Taylor, W. L., Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia:
O Little Town of Bethlehem.

The teacher will need a large collection of pictures of children in various situations. These may be cut from magazine covers and advertisements and mounted on neutral brown cover paper.

Many helpful pictures will be found in the picture sets published to accompany Course III of the Closely Graded Lessons. They may be secured from the addresses given below:

The Judson Press, 1701 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The Graded Press, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

INTRODUCTION

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL

IN THE midst of the struggle and strife all about us there is to the seeing eye and the understanding heart a world of beauty and gladness which inspires one to say with the psalmist of old,

“Oh sing unto the Lord a new song;
For he hath done marvellous things.”
Psalm 98: 1.

We believe that it is the inherent right of every child to be taught to seek this beauty and with each new discovery to experience a feeling of gratitude to God the Creator, who “hath made everything beautiful.”

No child should be deprived of the joy and happiness which comes when one learns to appreciate the beautiful in nature, in the arts, and in the lives of others. Especially must we help him to appreciate the gift of his own life.

A word of caution may be necessary here. To stop with this enjoyment is not enough. The delight in beholding a lovely flower or a beautiful sunset should be accompanied by a religious experience.

Dr. Myers shows clearly the relationship between love of the beautiful and the religious life when he says:

"A person who has learned to appreciate the gorgeous beauty of sky and field and water: who rejoices in a great work of art or literature: who is thrilled by a noble deed, is rich indeed. It is difficult for him to become coarse and vulgar. And if in his appreciation he has been trained to see God, the Creator of beauty, he has a perpetual source of religious refreshment and strength."¹

THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK

The purpose of this book is to share with other teachers an experience in helping children to find beauty everywhere, in all situations, in helping them to see God as the source of that beauty, and in stimulating them to express their joy in song, prayer, comment, or service. The book aims also to describe the technique involved in the development of enterprises in which third-grade children have been actively engaged. In these enterprises some discoveries have been made of the beautiful in the world, and some definite progress has been felt in the development of Christian ideals, habits, and purposes. It is hoped that they will be suggestive to other teachers as they strive to lead children in creative activities which develop from experiences in living together. An attempt has been made in writing this text to provide definite help for the inexperienced teacher without limiting the initiative and resourcefulness of the more thoroughly prepared teacher. Anyone who plans to use the course should

¹A. J. Wm. Myers, *Teaching Religion*, The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1928, p. 92. Used by permission.

read it through first, in order that she may be prepared to rearrange it in meeting local needs or interests of the children.

THE TECHNIQUE

A departure has been made from the traditional theory which holds that teaching is successful when the children are quiet, passive recipients of the "truth of the lesson." It is believed that when the teacher's technique is good the children will be eager, active members of a group which is seeking to discover some new truth, or is carrying on some enterprise which meets its particular needs and interests at the moment. In the carrying on of these enterprises involving physical as well as mental activity, in the playing of games, in construction work, in acts of service, there is opportunity for practice in Christian living, in development of Christian decisions, attitudes, and habits.

Here, however, the teacher's technique largely determines the extent to which these activities are valuable. It is quite possible for the building of a house or the modeling of a Palestinian village to be little more than an output of physical energy.

Dr. Shaver has well said that in conducting such enterprises we must ask ourselves these questions:

"What motives are being strengthened, what ideas are being clarified, and what habits are being formed?"

He adds further that:

"Unless they arouse pupils to keen mental activity

in planning and carrying them out and in reflecting upon their outcomes and unless they awaken the highest and best emotional life of the children and they feel the companionship of the heavenly father as they carry them on, some of the greatest character education values will have been lost.”²

PUPIL PURPOSING

Too often in the past classes have been conducted and studies made in a half-hearted fashion in response to the teacher’s plan which has in no sense been in accordance with the purpose of the pupils. This has largely been due to the fact that the teacher has imposed upon them something which she thought her pupils ought to know.

A teacher was presenting some notebook work to a group of children. She had a carefully worked out plan of procedure which she introduced by saying, “I want you to color these flowers.” It was suggested to the teacher that it might be well for the children to express their own desires and make their own choices. The teacher replied, “I call that ‘Soft Pedagogy.’ I can see no character education in that.”

In marked contrast to that point of view is the statement of Dr. Myers who says:

“Education to be most effective must enlist the purpose of the pupil. It is he who must seek, not because of external compulsion but because he himself desires the end.”³

²Erwin L. Shaver, “When a Project Is Not a Project,” *Pilgrim Elementary Teacher*, January, 1929, p. 3. Copyright The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

³A. J. Wm. Myers, *Teaching Religion*, p. 27. Used by permission.

In many cases it is precisely this difference in point of view on the part of teachers which is reflected in the attitudes of groups of children toward their school life. On the one hand, there is something which the pupils must do because the teacher wishes it. On the other, the children work more happily and with far greater expenditure of energy than under the former régime. For here is a purposeful activity, full of satisfactions.

The value of pupil purposing has been brought out in the following bit of verse, which assumes:

That undertaking things worth while
Makes pleasure out of grinding toil;
That learning only can proceed
Where interest may engage to lead;
That joy in planning what to do
Applies to little children too.
Therefore they work and plan and play,
Following nature day by day,
Shaping for their own delight
Things that please their sense and sight.
Interested in their work,
They no longer seek to shirk,
For joy in things that they create
Supplants the drudgery of hate.
Thus they plan and work with cheer,
And gain in strength and mind each year,
Stamping on the work they do
Trade-marks of love and interest too.⁴

⁴C. A. Hawley, *The Journal of Educational Method*. Published by The National Conference of Supervisors and Directors. Used by permission.

A third-grade group had from time to time been given some memory work to do, but there had been little or no evidence of interest. In planning a program for their parents the children decided that they wished to repeat a Bible passage as a part of a dramatization. Immediately they set to work with great zest. They became so interested that they not only memorized the material quickly but asked many questions as to the meaning of the passage.

It is well in this connection to remember Dr. Kilpatrick's statement that "The stronger the purpose, the greater the tendency to push ahead in the face of obstacles, and accordingly, the greater the likelihood of success."⁵

The aim of this course has been to provide ample opportunity for pupil initiative and purposing.

THE TEACHER'S RELATION TO THE GROUP

When opportunities for pupil decisions are freely given the teacher still holds her place as an important member of the group. Her position has been clearly defined in the following statement by Professor Edna M. Baxter.

"If children are to live and work creatively, the teacher cannot be autocratic. Her responsibility is to guide rather than to dominate the situation. As a member of the group, she inspires, advises, and suggests as opportunities arise. The children, however, must feel the responsibility for the project. The great danger is that because of her position, the

⁵Wm. H. Kilpatrick, *Foundations of Method*, p. 202. The Macmillan Co. Used by permission.

teacher's suggestions may deprive the child of initiative and creative activity. When children fail to make plans, the teacher may encourage responsibility by letting them choose from several plans that she presents.

The teacher's great task is to create a sense of freedom, to give abundant opportunity for pupil decisions and choices, to develop in the group the ability to think and suggest; to be creative. As situations arise, the teacher must ever be alert to use them for the development of pupil initiative and participation. In a democracy there is a growing need for people who know how to find and consider different sides and questions, who have initiative and are eager to venture for the good of the group and who are objective in their thinking.⁶

With the freer program of the modern schoolroom there will be order. The children will be courteous to the teacher and to one another. The teacher will encourage group coöperation in this matter. She will work also with individual children as the need arises. There will be situations in which a few words of counsel and guidance from her will help to solve difficulties which the group is unable to adjust.

THE SELECTION OF MATERIALS

The provision of materials for study and appreciation is in recognition of the value to the child of putting him in touch with good stories, poems, and songs. The selection of material for this course has been made with the following aims in mind:

⁶Edna M. Baxter, *Classroom Notes*

1. That it have a special value to the particular group for which it was provided.

2. That it fill a need in a particular situation.

3. That it be carefully graded; neither too difficult nor too easy. It is obvious that with a third-grade group materials involving symbolism will need to be discarded. Eight-year-old children will fail to understand the metaphor in such phrases as "a garden in my heart" and "make my life a little light."

4. That it be inspiring to them. It should aid in arousing a desire to follow the Christian way of living. This will be true only when it is interesting to the group. Joy in hearing a story or poem will develop a feeling of gladness which the child will associate with church school life.

5. That it shall present a religious emphasis. We believe that it is better for a child to be honest, to share, or to be helpful because he feels that in so doing he is coöperating with God in making the world a finer place in which to live, than for him to be so because it will be better for him. Too often a child wishes to be honest "so I will keep out of jail," or "because Mother will punish me if she finds out." It is not well, then, to use such material as "Honesty is the best policy."

6. That it shall aid in the development of wholesome conceptions of God. It is to be expected that many third-grade children will have anthropomorphic conceptions of God. It is essential that we present no materials that will add to these conceptions.

We have tried to free this course from any ma-

terial that contains such phrases as "comes down from heaven," "in heaven above," "from thy throne on high," or "God, take my hand."

The songs referred to throughout the course may be found in *A First Book in Hymns and Worship*, by Edith Lovell Thomas.

THE VALUE OF INTERPRETATIONS

The use of good material, however, does not insure its value to the child unless it is full of meaning to him. A child may fail to appreciate the most beautiful poetry or song until it is made to live for him.

The writer well remembers her own experience in interpreting the poem "Then and Now" when she first began to teach in the week-day schools of religion. She had read it from the board for the children and had asked them if they would like to memorize it. She had enjoyed it herself, but somehow her own enthusiasm had not been shared by the children.

The supervisor of the schools, Miss Blanche Carrier, was present. After the group had gone she suggested an interpretation similar to the one given on page 48.

During the week that followed, other third-grade children memorized the poem, but with a very different attitude. Now they were actually putting themselves in the place of the shepherd boy. For them it was full of meaning. They had been helped to see the pictures that the poem suggests.

With primary children interpretations must be brief. Often questions are the best way of interpret-

ing, but the material must be made real and vivid to them.

THE USE OF NOTEBOOKS

Some groups of children and some teachers like to use notebooks for recording the work of the children. Our experience leads us to believe that they may be of real value.

Such responses as, "I like to look over my notebook that I made last year," and "When I saw what my notebook said about playing together it helped me not to quarrel" have been influential in forming this opinion.

The danger in the use of notebooks is that they may limit the children to that one type of work. In view of this fact some teachers may prefer to have them make smaller paper-covered booklets in which to keep the work done during a single enterprise. The title printed across the cover may help them to carry out the purpose of the enterprise.

In directing the work the teacher should remember that here is an opportunity for the children to show careful discrimination in making decisions regarding the contents of the notebook. Such a question as "What do you think you might put in your notebooks to-day to help you to remember a beautiful way of living?" may stimulate careful thinking and reflective judgment.

The teacher may have suggestions to make and should certainly have ideas which she may or may not express, but she should be willing to accept valuable suggestions of the children when they do not

coincide with her own. It is well to avoid statements which teachers often make, as "I want you to draw," or "We are going to make." Such statements may tend to suppression of originality and spontaneity in the children.



SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL
IN GOD'S WORLD

Seven Sessions



SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN GOD'S WORLD

MANY third-grade children have conceptions of God that are not conducive to the development of a feeling of love for him. They think of him as one who punishes. He is a God of whom they are afraid. We believe therefore that it is the responsibility of the teacher to help them to discover the God of love.

In the following discussions an attempt has been made to use every opportunity that might lead to the development of the finest conceptions of which the children are capable at this age.

It has been the aim of the teacher to stimulate the children to a conscious search for beautiful things in the world about them and to develop a feeling of gratitude to God for them.

SESSION I

In a particular group of third-grade boys and girls the first session developed as is here recorded. We attempted to develop a worth-while purpose for the course, and to help the children to experience gratitude for the beautiful things in the world.

TEACHER: Now that we are here in our church school, starting a new year, what do you think would be a good thing for us to do?

CHILDREN: Make aeroplanes, baskets, paper dolls.

TEACHER: What would you do with them?

CHILD: Give them to my brother.

CHILD: Keep them.

TEACHER: You might think about that and decide later whether you wish to keep them or not.

CHILD: I could give the paper dolls to my auntie who is going back to Hawaii. The children without any fathers and mothers might like them.

TEACHER: We might be thinking about these things, and in a few days we can probably start making them. But we must decide what to do to-day. Had you thought of doing any studying?

CHILD: Yes, we might study about God.

TEACHER: It is such a beautiful morning that I wonder whether you would like to go outdoors for our study?

CHILDREN: Yes.

A block away was a lovely churchyard with a border of bushes and rose vines. The children brought their chairs here and seated themselves in a semicircle.

CHILD: My sister and I like to look at the clouds and make pictures of them.

TEACHER: Do you mean you imagine them?

CHILD: Yes.

TEACHER: Did you ever think how they came to be?

CHILD: Yes, they're vapor.

CHILD: God made them.

TEACHER: How do you know?

CHILD: Jesus knew most about God, and he told his followers. They told others, and the Bible tells us.

TEACHER: Do you mean when Jesus told about God caring for the flowers and the sparrows?



Used by permission of Mrs. Ruth Alexander Nichols. Westfield, N. J.

CHILD: Yes.

TEACHER: Is there any other reason for saying that God is creating the clouds, the flowers, and the trees?

CHILD: They're so wonderful. Nobody else could have the power.

HAROLD: Men do the work. They plant the seeds.

CHILD: Even then God sends the rain and sun.

HAROLD: We can water them.

CHILD: Where does the water come from?

CHILD: God sends the rain.

HAROLD: I know what I'd do. I'd take a magnifying glass and hold it so the sun would shine on it.

TEACHER: Hold it so what would shine on it?

HAROLD: The sun. I guess God does help most, then.

CHILD: We wouldn't have any homes without people or God.

CHILD: He doesn't make the houses. He gives the clay for bricks.

The story "To Whom Shall We Give Thanks?" might have been helpful at this point.

CHILD: If we help God, he helps us. If we don't, he doesn't help us.

TEACHER: Do the rest agree with that?

CHILD: No, he helps even the wicked. He helps them to be good.

TEACHER: How do you think God feels when people do wrong?

CHILD: He is sorry and ashamed there are such people in the world.

TEACHER: What kind of a world do you think God would like to have?

CHILD: I think he'd like everyone to be happy, kind, obedient, and cheerful.

TEACHER: There is a lovely song that was written by a person who felt sure that God is at work in all the lovely things in the world. If you will close your eyes so you can make pictures in your mind, I'll sing it for you. When I have finished perhaps you can tell of some of the beautiful things it says God is creating.

Song: "All Things Bright and Beautiful" (No. 44).

The children had heard the song before and, in response to questions, mentioned rapidly one after another the different things suggested by the song. After singing the verse about the winter and summer this discussion followed:

CHILD: I don't see any use leaving out spring and fall.

CHILD: There wouldn't be any flowers if there wasn't spring. We have to plant the seeds.

TEACHER: Would you like to make another verse?

CHILDREN: Yes.

The first attempt was not satisfactory. It was too difficult to do well without the use of the blackboard, so the suggestion was made to return to the church.

TEACHER: Before we leave, perhaps there are some children who would like to thank God for some of the lovely things about us.

Several children responded. Below are three of the prayers as given by the different children:

"God, we thank thee for the flowers and trees."

"Heavenly Father, thank you for giving us clay for our houses."

"We thank you for making men with ideas."

When the children were seated in the classroom the teacher read two of Hilda Conkling's poems, "Garden of the World" and "Dandelion", from the book, *Poems of a Little Girl*, telling them that these verses show how a little girl found beauty in the world.

The third verse of the song was written on the blackboard as a guide. The teacher asked them to observe the verse carefully.

A child said, "The second line must rhyme with the last." Different children contributed the following lines:

"The soft winds blow in spring,
And the birdies sweetly call,
Soon the crocus buds will show,
God made them all."

TEACHER: What do you think of this?

RESPONSES: The last line is too short.

We'll have to use "everyone" instead of "all."

Then "one" doesn't rhyme with "call."

Let's say, "And the birds fly in the sun."

When the children tried to sing the verse they discovered that the first two lines needed revision. They made suggestions as follows: "I think it would be better to say, 'When softly blow the winds of spring.'" "Let's take out *the* in the second line."

The children were quite happy over the verse when it was completed.

"When softly blow the winds of spring,
And birds fly in the sun,
Soon the crocus buds will show,
God made them every one."

The children were eager to make a booklet illustrating some of the beautiful things in God's world. They decided to search for poems, stories, and songs that would carry this emphasis.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Because of a child's remark about the clouds our discussion started with a conversation about them. It might have included the flowers and birds. Such questions as these may be used:

Do you ever think how wonderfully the flowers are made? Do you wonder how they came to be? Do you ever wonder how it happens that the birds can fly?

A pilgrimage to a beautiful wood or to hills beside a stream would provide an appropriate setting for such a discussion.

Gathering flowers to add beauty to the classroom, to the church auditorium, or to the room of a shut-in would be a helpful bit of service.

Finding cocoons and keeping them at the church would be helpful for later use in interpreting the wonders of springtime.

If the children have nature study at school, they may be encouraged to discuss there their discoveries in this group, that they may sense the wonders in God's work of continual creation.

Posters illustrating the beauties of God's world, to be hung where the children can often see them, would serve as a reminder of the lovely things they have discovered. Or they may be taken to a children's ward in a hospital, or to another department of the church school.

The posters may be made either by mounting illustrative pictures cut from magazines or by

drawing them. Sentences chosen by the children may be made by cutting each letter from an inch square of colored paper.

Bible verses that may be used for these sentences are Psalm 19:1 and Ecclesiastes 3:11a. These may be written upon the blackboard, the children choosing the sentences that mean most to them. "Wonder Song" found in *Worship and Conduct Songs for Beginners and Primaries* may add to the child's sense of wonder in creation.

A set of posters might be started to help to keep the purpose of the course before the children. The sentence, "Seeking the Beautiful in God's World" might be illustrated with pictures.

These activities should be planned by the children as they consciously seek to discover beautiful things and as they attempt to bring beauty to unattractive places. The writing of poems should be encouraged, for it develops the child's powers of observation, ability for creative expression, and sense of appreciation.

SESSION 2

In this session the children spontaneously reported the results of their discoveries of material emphasizing the beauties of the world. The teacher opened the conversation by asking, "Did anyone find any poems or stories which tell of God's creating a beautiful world?"

About half of the class had brought material. The purpose of the book was recalled and the material evaluated by the children. One child had written the following verse:

"Apples are falling, nuts are brown,
Pears and peaches will soon fall down,

But we must remember things would not grow
If God in heaven didn't make it so."

Another was ready to tell a story of a blind princess who was healed and could then see all the beautiful things in God's world. The story closed with her prayer of thanks for all his gifts.

Several had brought pictures of Jesus. The children decided to use these in the books because they showed God's greatest gift to the world. Another child had found a song which she taught to the children. It was "The Beautiful Bright Sunshine" (No. 43).

The children went to the tables, and after a little discussion as to the ways of keeping their books beautiful they began their work.

One child wrote his story, another illustrated her poem, and others wrote a few sentences under the pictures of Jesus.

The children who had not brought any material were eager to work, too, so they decided to make drawings of beautiful things in the world. Some wrote sentences about the drawings. Others wrote verses. The question of a title for the books was discussed. "God's Wonderful World" and "God's Beautiful Garden" were suggested, but the children decided to think more about it. When they had completed their pages they seated themselves again in the circle.

They sang "All Things Bright and Beautiful" and closed with prayers of gratitude for the beautiful things in God's world.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

The writer feels that in this case creative ability was developed because each child made a notebook

page of his own choice. It seemed to be much more meaningful to him than it would if all had made the same page. However, many third-grade groups will need more guidance than this one. In such a case it would probably be advisable to have the children agree upon the written work and copy from the blackboard a verse or sentences which the group has composed. Each child might make his drawing according to his individual desires.

Some children, too, might not have brought in as much material as this group. For use with less responsive groups the poem "Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World," p. 195, and the story "God's Wonderful World," p. 129, are suggested.

In interpreting "Great, Wide, Beautiful, Wonderful World" the children might pretend they are out on a hillside and are seeing many lovely things as the teacher repeats the poem. They may then tell of the pictures they have seen. If they do not appreciate the full significance of the last stanza they might close their eyes and pretend they are in a room with a mother and her child. They might try to discover the most wonderful thing of all that God creates as the teacher repeats this verse. They might try to tell other wonderful things about people.

Many children will enjoy memorizing this poem.

In order to promote an active search on the part of the pupils for beautiful things about them they may make a new version of the old "Is It?" game. One child says, "I saw something beautiful to-day." The others say, "Was it a——?" The children may make decisions as to rules of playing, such as insisting that the leader mention something that he actually has seen. Or they may create a new game that will emphasize their discoveries of the beauties of the world.

Lovely nature pictures hanging on the screen will be helpful in this study. The children will enjoy simple pictures with good coloring. Trees with colored leaves, a bird in a tree, children gathering flowers, a child looking with eyes of wonder at clouds in the sky, at a stream, or at hills, will be especially appreciated.

A sense of working with God in creation may be developed by encouraging group or individual enterprises in making gardens, caring for lawns, planting trees, caring for little animals, et cetera.

SESSION 3

In this session we planned to consider God's gift of our bodies and our care for them. We tried to help the children, as they brought up God's relation to suffering, to appreciate his love and wisdom.

Several children brought lovely poems emphasizing God's creation of a beautiful world. After they were read to the group, the children were asked to think of the most wonderful thing God creates. They concluded that people are more wonderful than anything else. The last stanza of "All Things Bright and Beautiful" was sung. The story "God's Great Gift," p. 131, was then told.

TEACHER: Billy said God wants people to take care of themselves. Do you suppose God does? Why do you think so?

CHILD: So we can help him.

TEACHER: Can you think of several good ways to take care of our bodies?

CHILD: Drink lots of milk, and eat very little candy, only a little after meals and not too much sugar in your breakfast food.

CHILD: Take care of your teeth.

CHILD: Play out of doors and sleep with your windows open.

CHILD: I saw a man on crutches the other day.

TEACHER: How do you suppose God feels when anyone has to use crutches?

CHILD: He feels sad.

TEACHER: Why doesn't he heal him?

CHILD: Maybe he was bad.

CHILD: God isn't like that. He would forgive.

CHILD: Perhaps he was born that way.

TEACHER: Would God want a child to be born that way?

CHILD: Probably the mother had done something wrong and God wanted her to suffer for it in this way.

CHILD: That wouldn't be fair for the baby to suffer because his mother was bad.

TEACHER: Would your father want you to suffer because your mother had done something wrong?

CHILD: No.

TEACHER: Then do you think God would?

CHILD: No (*doubtfully*).

TEACHER: It is true that when fathers and mothers are not strong sometimes the babies are not. But I always think God feels sorry about it.

It would have been well here to suggest that the children try to find out what the Bible tells us about God's love and mercy. The following references might have helped: Luke 6:36, Psalm 117:1, 2a.

CHILD: I burned my arm on the iron the other day.

TEACHER: Why do you suppose God didn't make your arm well right away?

CHILD: Perhaps she didn't pray.

TEACHER: Suppose she had prayed, would God have made it well right away?

CHILD: No, it would take a long time.

TEACHER: I wonder if God didn't make us so that it always takes a long time for us to get well when we are badly hurt. Sometimes we call that one of God's laws.

CHILD: A boy cut his finger the other day.

TEACHER: Who was to blame?

CHILD: The boy, because he was careless.

CHILD: God wouldn't make you sick if you swear.

CHILD: He wouldn't make us sick if we lied. He makes us know we are not helping him.

TEACHER: Mary wanted to be a missionary and teach Chinese children when she grew up. So she spent a great deal of time reading and studying about them. But when she grew up she was not strong enough to go to China. She said, "I would be working for God. Why doesn't he make me strong?" What do you think about it?

CHILD: Maybe she ate too much candy.

CHILD: Probably she stayed in the house and read too much to get strong.

TEACHER: Sometimes when we talk about it we think we will be careful about all these things. But the next time there is a nice big dish of candy in the house we forget. Can you think of anything we might do to help us remember how we are going to make ourselves strong enough to work with God?

Several suggestions were made. It was finally decided to make posters. The children suggested cutting pictures from magazines illustrating children clean-

ing their teeth, playing outdoors, and eating foods that make them strong. They enthusiastically adopted the suggestion of the teacher to cut words from colored paper, to let other people know why they were interested in health. They suggested different sentences for each poster as follows:

“Health counts in God’s world.”

“God wants us to be well.”

The class was divided into two groups, each making one poster. Letters were cut from inch squares, different children making each word. Another child lined each page, and another pasted the letters.

Several children said they would look at home for the pictures that had been suggested.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

The “Is It?” game might have been played. Games emphasizing the joy we experience because of God’s gift of the senses might have added to the feeling of gratitude for our bodies. (See p. 36 for directions regarding the playing of these games.)

The children might help to plan a worship service to be used at the opening of the next session. The teacher would need to guide them in their selection of materials by saying, “What songs may we sing that will help us to remember God at work in his beautiful world? Can you think of a poem we have studied that will help us?”

If Biblical material has been used, it might be suggested. The verses suggested on p. 9 will be helpful, here.

Different children might contribute to this service by writing a poem to be used, by telling a story, or by

singing a new song. These children should confer with the teacher before the time for the service, as a few words from her may help them to do their part in a more worshipful manner.

At the close of the session or at the beginning of the next it may be well for the children to reflect upon the outcome of the service and to offer suggestions for improvement.

SESSION 4

Our aim to-day was to help the children to seek for beautiful things not only in nature, but in ways of living as well.

We had a brief discussion in which the children told of many beautiful things they had seen in the last few days.

The teacher asked the question, "How do you suppose God would like to have people live together in this beautiful world?"

They suggested sharing with others and helping anyone who gets hurt. A child told of an incident in which one boy had shared his wagon with another.

The teacher repeated the poem "Sharing," p. 196. She asked what happens when we do not live in a beautiful way.

The children responded by telling incidents of quarreling and broken friendships.

It was time now for the question, "Why do you think God is glad when people live together in a beautiful way?" The desire was to help them to discover that God wants them to do certain things, not from an arbitrary reason, but because it is the happiest way for them.

Three children wished to tell stories which they thought showed how people could make others

happy. The last story was about a bird that made people happy by its cheery song.

To the question, "What do you like about the story?" a child said, "It shows that even birds and animals can make people happy."

This was an idea that the teacher was glad to have brought out, so she told the story, "The Discontented Squirrel," p. 134. The song "When We're Playing Together," (*Songs and Games for Little Ones*) by Walker and Jenks was sung. The children were asked how they might make the song into a game. A boy suggested that one child should go out of the room while another hid behind the piano. The rest should sing the verse and clap if the first child guessed who was hidden.

In one instance a child whispered to the one who was guessing. The others replied that this wasn't a very good way of playing together.

The children did not know each other's names very well, so in some cases they described the one who was hidden. One boy described another as "The boy who whispers." It was quite an effective method, for the boy has tried hard since to gain a new reputation.

After the game was concluded we talked about ways in which we might have played together in a better way. They departed with the decision to look for other instances in which children played well together.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Another group enjoyed studying pictures of children playing happily together. With some they imagined situations and dramatized them. With others they made original stories.

Other children have enjoyed drawing stick figures

of children playing together. They wrote a sentence or two of explanation below the drawing.

SESSION 5

In this session we realized the value of practising beautiful ways of living, both in our games and as we prepared to make others happy with our gifts.

The children had been discovering lovely ways in which children had played together. After several had been mentioned a child told of a quarrel that he had seen.

The children talked of the cause of quarrels and the best ways of settling them. They seemed to enjoy the teacher's recital of an instance in which a boy had stopped a quarrel by starting a new game. She told the story, "Quarrels," p. 138.

Since there had been some difficulty in playing together during the preceding session it was decided to try it again. The group began by playing the game in which the leader says, "Put your hand on your ear," and puts her hand somewhere else. The players must do as the leader says rather than as she does.

After they had enjoyed this game for some time a child suggested playing "Simon Says." During the playing of the game one child rather persistently shouted, "You were caught." The teacher spoke to her once or twice. This stopped her for a few minutes each time. After the game the children decided that it would be better to wait until they were sure the child who was caught was not going to sit down before they said anything, for, they insisted, "he must play fair."

The story "Abraham Stopping a Quarrel," p. 136, was told and dramatized. This story is so easily dramatized that few directions needed to be given. The following questions were sufficient:

What players do we need?

What kind of a person should take the part of Abraham?

Where shall each person stand?

What are you trying to show us about Abraham?

At the close of the dramatization the group made suggestions for improvement, and a new group of players was chosen for a second rehearsal.

As the children wished to make toys for some children in the neighborhood who were ill, and for their brothers and sisters, a committee was appointed to consider plans. A child had brought *The Make-It Book*. The committee looked this through to see what could be made inexpensively, without too many materials, and with consideration of the enjoyment of the recipients of the gifts. They presented several suggestions to the class—the making of dolls and animals from rubber sponges, of cork ducks, and of paper dolls. It was decided that some children would bring rubber sponges for the rubber dolls, some would bring corks for the ducks, and others would look for figures in fashion magazines and dress them.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

An effective way of recounting the discoveries the children had made regarding lovely ways of living would be for a child to say something like this: "I saw three children playing together. One child was unhappy because he had no wagon." Another child might try to describe what happened.

SESSION 6

The children had brought rubber sponges for the floating dolls and animals, and corks for the cork ducks. Others had brought paper dolls for dressing. The directions for each are given below.

RUBBER SPONGE DOLL

Materials: red rubber sponge, string, needle and thread, beads, scissors.

"You will enjoy making this little doll for your baby brother or sister. Unlike most dolls, this one will not mind being taken into baby's tub. The rubber sponge of which it is made can be bought at a drug store for ten cents. Cut the sponge straight through as indicated by the heavy lines in Fig. 1. Each cut should be about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. The dotted lines show where to tie the sponge. Use string or heavy thread. Tie the neck, wrists, and ankles just as tightly as you can. The string around the waist should not be pulled tight, for you want a plump doll. Sew two black beads on the doll's face for eyes, and a red bead for a mouth. Fig. 2 shows the completed doll."¹

RUBBER SPONGE RABBIT

"If you have another sponge cut it in half cross-wise. Take one half and make a cut of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches as shown in Fig. 3. Cut through the center of this flap from A to B, making two long ears. With your scissors trim the ears off at the ends to look like rabbit ears. Sew two black buttons on either side of the

¹Rachel T. Dixon, and Marjorie Hartwell, *The Make-It Book*, Rand, McNally & Company, Chicago. p. 39. Used by permission.

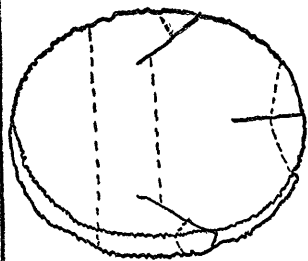


Fig. 1



Fig. 3

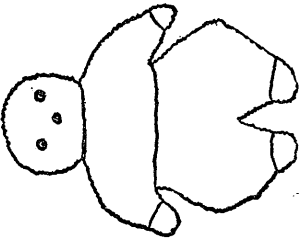


Fig. 2



Fig. 4

head at the points marked X, pinching the sponge together at these points. Cut away the corners to give the rabbit a pointed nose. Trim off the edges along the back so that he will look round and cozy. Tie a little bunny tail in the sponge where the bunny's tail should be, as indicated by the dotted line in Fig. 3."¹

CORK DUCK

Materials: cork, thin cardboard, wax crayon, knife, and tacks.

"Funny little ducks, which will float when put in water, are made of corks. You will need, besides the corks, a bit of thin cardboard and some tacks. Perhaps you will want one large duck and a flock of ducklings. Cut out the head and tail from cardboard, using the diagram as a guide. Mark the eye and color the bill orange with your crayons. With a knife, cut the edge of each end of the cork as in the diagram, and insert the head and tail. Now punch the tacks in on the under side of the cork to serve as the two feet. This will hold the duck right side up in the water, and if the tacks are put in carefully they will hold it erect on land as well.

"You may wish to give the duck a coat of white paint when it is done. Of course you can make this floating bird as odd as you like by making a funny head and tail; perhaps you will use a little tuft of feathers for a tail."²

The paper dolls were made by cutting a child from a fashion sheet and pasting it on cardboard. Dresses were cut from colored paper.

¹Rachel T. Dixon, and Marjorie Hartwell, *The Make-It Book*, p. 39.

²*Ibid.*, p. 36.

Each group worked by itself, using the book as a guide and being helped by the teacher. They had much joy talking about the persons to whom they would give their toys.

The children returned to the circle for discussion. A boy opened it by telling of an experience he had had the day before with a friend. They had started to quarrel when he remembered the story "Quarrels." "I told about the boys in the story, and Russell and I got to laughing so hard we forgot all about our quarrel," he said.

"Let's play a game now and see how we get along," said another. In choosing a game there was some dissatisfaction as to the choice of the first game suggested. Some wished to play "Simon Says." Others were eager to play "When We're Playing Together." Here was an opportunity for the practise of a beautiful way to live. One child said, "I think we'd better play 'Simon Says' first, then the other." The group agreed that this would be a good thing to do.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

These talks on beautiful ways of living might have resulted in an adventure in friendliness with a new child in the neighborhood and the sharing of good times together.

The group might have planned a party for another class in the church, or for children in an orphanage. A dramatization and some games may help to give the guests a happy time.

They may discover the program of the church and learn to work with it by making the gifts for an institution or a group on the home or foreign missionary program of the denomination.

Teaching their little brothers and sisters the games which they have enjoyed would give opportunity for the sharing of happiness.

It will be necessary to keep before them their original purpose of coöperating with God to make the world a beautiful place in which to live. This may be done by making illustrative posters, by asking questions to bring out this thought, and by writing on the blackboard at the beginning of the session such a sentence as, "We are working with God to make this world a beautiful place in which to live."

Just as in playing together opportunities occur for children to be unselfish and helpful, in working together many incidents arise which call for beautiful ways of living. A selfish act or the failure of a child to coöperate in working with other children will provide a most fruitful subject for discussion.

SESSION 7

The teacher planned to help the children consider the relation of being truthful to the whole purpose of living beautifully in God's world.

The discussion was opened by the question: "Yesterday someone said we could help God by telling the truth. How does our telling the truth help God?"

Some of the most significant responses were as follows:

CHILD: If you tell the truth you can think better.

TEACHER: How do you mean?

CHILD: If you lie you feel so badly you can't think of anything else.

CHILD: God will like you better.

CHILD: No, he likes you just the same.

TEACHER: How do you think he does feel about it?

CHILD: He feels sorry for you.

TEACHER: Why is he sorry?

CHILD: You might be put in jail.

CHILD: He is sorry because he loves you.

TEACHER: A child in school had broken a window, but the teacher did not know who had done it. What might happen if the one who did it did not tell?

CHILD: They might all get punished.

TEACHER: Would he be helping God by telling?

CHILD: I think so, because he wants us to be happy, and we wouldn't be if we were all punished.

CHILD: It's the same way at home. If you don't tell the truth your mother can't trust you.

CHILD: I think if you tell lies you'll be getting into trouble all the time and won't have any time for God.

The children looked at pictures showing children who were apparently in trouble. They made original stories to illustrate the value of telling the truth. They were encouraged to have the characters decide to do the right and to show why they decided to do as they did.

The teacher told the story, "The Little Gold Cock That Could Not Lie," p. 139.

TEACHER: One day we said that we could not ask God to make our arms well at once. What can we ask him to do?

CHILD: To make us good.

TEACHER: What are some things you would like to ask God to help you to do?

CHILD: Not to lie.

CHILD: Not to cheat.

CHILD: To be honest.

CHILD: To be kind.

TEACHER: Will it be enough just to ask God to help us?

CHILD: We have to try, too.

TEACHER: This is a song which asks God to help you in many ways. If you will close your eyes I will sing while you think of the things it asks God to help us to do.

“Help Us, Lord,” was sung to the tune, “For the Beauty of the Earth.” The children mentioned several things included in the song and sang it two or three times to memorize the words. We bowed our heads and sang it as a prayer hymn.

Being truthful did not seem to be a problem to this group, so the teacher said, “We have been learning many beautiful things about living together. What do you think you would like to study now?” A report of their responses may be found on p. 59f.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

To many third-grade classes being truthful is a problem for which one session would not suffice. The best time for consideration of such problems is when they arise. This will necessitate skillful handling by the teacher as she leads the discussion. She will need to be careful to have the children discover the effects of an untruth and to help them to be kindly in their manner toward the individuals involved. It may be well to remind each child of the times when it may be hard for each of them to tell the truth.

If the children are imaginative they may make up incidents in which children have found it hard to tell the truth. They should be encouraged to show why they decided to be truthful.

One child may make up such an incident. He may choose other children to go with him apart from the group to listen to his story and to help him plan a dramatization. Several such groups may be working on the dramatizations.

The following incidents may be helpful to the teacher whose group is unable to do this planning:

Robert and his father were ready to drive into the country in their new car. Just as the father started the car he turned to Robert and said, "Did you do what your mother asked you to do after breakfast?" His mother had asked him to do three things. He had done two of them right away, but he remembered uneasily that he had not finished the third. He knew his father would not have time to wait for him, nor would he let him go with his task undone. What do you think he said? Since he had started the third, would it have been wrong to say, "Yes"? What difference would it have made to his father? to his mother?

Dick and George were playing Indian out in their back yard. They aimed together with their bows and arrows. Suddenly there was a crash. An arrow had gone through a window. Dick knew that it was his arrow when he picked it up, for he had noticed the little black spot on the end. But he turned to George and said, "Now, see what you did."

"Who did it?" said their father sternly that night. "George——" began Dick quickly. Then he thought . . . What do you think he finally said? Why?

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER !

There has been no evidence of a sudden or a startling change in the conceptions of these children. It is felt that a beginning has been made toward more careful thinking and toward the development of conceptions which are conducive to a feeling of love and gratitude toward God. They apparently have begun to sense our dependence upon God for the lovely things in the world. Some children, perhaps, have a new idea of God's attitude toward wrongdoing and of our part in bringing punishment upon ourselves.

It will be necessary for the teacher to be alert to each situation that opens for such discussion, that she may help to build upon the foundation which has been made.

Some change has been felt in the attitude of individual children toward the school and in their ability to work and play with the group.

The children have begun to reflect upon their own work and to offer suggestions for improvement. It is hoped that they will gain in this ability as they work together.

There is not a great deal of evidence that the children have had a great purpose which has carried them through the entire enterprise. It has been felt rather in the daily decisions to seek for evidence of the beauty in God's world as they searched for illustrative material and for instances of beautiful ways of living.

Their desire to study about Jesus would seem to show the development of a higher purpose for the future than that given at the beginning, "to make aeroplanes, baskets, and paper dolls."

As each teacher works with her various groups it

is hoped that she will become increasingly more skillful in helping her children to develop purposes that will cause them to become active searchers for truth and willing workers in whatever enterprise they may be engaged.

As each group works together it is hoped that it will show marked improvement in its ability to choose worth-while enterprises upon which to concentrate its efforts.



A THANKSGIVING ENTERPRISE

Four Sessions

A THANKSGIVING ENTERPRISE

VERY often third-grade children think of Thanksgiving Day simply as a day for feasting or as a time for "giving to the poor children." Where an attempt has been made by the teacher to discover reasons for gratitude replies have come glibly: "home, food, and shelter" or "good things to eat."

The writer was faced with a group of fifty-two restless children who apparently had no more vital a conception of Thanksgiving than that described above. The group was not accustomed to working together creatively nor with any sense of freedom. It was necessary, then, to begin with a somewhat superimposed program and to attempt to help them to do some planning for themselves.

SESSION I

"We're going to have a Thanksgiving program at our school," said a child as he informally opened our discussion for to-day.

TEACHER: Is that so? What is it going to be like?

CHILD: Oh, we're going to dress like Indians. I'm going to be one. I'm going to have a gun.

TEACHER: What is the name of your play?

CHILD: *The First Thanksgiving.*

TEACHER: Would you like to do something for Thanksgiving at our school?

CHILDREN: Let's have a party!

TEACHER: Would you like to divide into two groups

and each side do something to make the other think of Thanksgiving?

The children were eager to do this, though it was evident that they had little appreciation of the real significance of Thanksgiving. It was suggested that we might study a little about Thanksgiving before deciding what each group should plan.

The word "Thanksgiving" was written on the blackboard. The children discussed its meaning and tried to think of things for which they were thankful. A list was made on the board. They gave very general replies, such as "food," "home," and "clothing."

Pictures were shown of farmers bringing in many different kinds of food. The children mentioned each kind and talked of being glad that there are so many different kinds, so that people need not get tired of always eating the same thing.

They talked of the health values in different kinds of food, and of God's wisdom in thus providing them.

They imagined they were in their own homes and tried to think of things they enjoyed the most.

The children closed their eyes, and a rose was passed for each child to smell. With their eyes still closed they tried to describe it.

They were asked these questions:

How do you know what it looks like?

Can you add something to our list of things for which we are thankful?

What other beautiful things are there in the world?

They enjoyed pretending that each one had a beautiful garden, while others guessed what was in it.

We compared our list now with the one that had been made in the beginning. It was evident that we had been taking many pleasures for granted.

It was suggested that a man who had lived a long time ago during Bible times had discovered something which it might be well for us to remember. The children were asked to listen while Psalm 92:1 was repeated, to see if they could tell what he had discovered. This verse was put at the top of the blackboard to help us to remember to give thanks.

The story "Thanking God for a Great Gift," p. 142, was told to help us to remember what Jesus thought about it.

We closed with spontaneous prayers of gratitude for things for which we were most thankful.

The children were to be thinking during the next week of plans for our Thanksgiving enterprise.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A smaller group became very much interested in table prayers and learned one to teach to those at home. It may be found on p. 199. As an opportunity for practice in giving thanks we gathered at the tables and bowed our heads and repeated the prayer before we ate the dates which had been provided. One child shyly said, "I don't like dates." This added emphasis to our previous discussion as the teacher said, "I guess you are glad there are other kinds of food than dates."

A more mature group or a less serious one might have felt this procedure to be somewhat artificial. The teacher will need to study her group carefully before attempting such a plan.

SESSION 2

In this session the children were to work out their own plans for Thanksgiving, the teacher helping

where needed. The reasons for sharing were developed.

The children were eager to begin at once to plan for the Thanksgiving service. We were fortunate in having a pianist who worked with one group while the teacher worked with the other.

Group 1 decided to plan some games as their part of the enterprise. They were not especially creative so the leader suggested a game which they accepted enthusiastically. In playing this game, one child leaves the room, while a piece of chalk or other object is hidden. The piano is played while this child searches for the object. As he approaches the object the piano is played more loudly, then becomes softer as the child walks away from it. After they had played it a few times the leader said "What has God given you that makes it possible for you to have such a good time?"

"When We're Playing Together" had been a great favorite of this group, so they decided upon it for the second game.

Group 2 thought we might play that we were in church and have a Thanksgiving service. We listed on the blackboard the elements of the service.

Thank-you prayers were suggested first. "Someone could read from the Bible," "We could sing," "We could have a story about Thanksgiving," were other responses.

Someone remembered "Father, We Thank Thee," (No. 15), and suggested it for one song.

"Thanksgiving" (No. 16) was sung by the teacher and accepted by the children as a good one to sing.

"We could use the verse on the blackboard for our Bible verse," said someone.

The teacher was asked to tell the story, and promised to do so.

Group 1 was now called into the room. Pictures of lovely nature scenes were hung upon the screen. We talked about them for a minute, mentioning God's goodness in his gifts. A child told an original story of one picture in which he showed a child's part in planting seeds, and the work of the sun and rain in helping them to grow.

Continuing the thought of the story these questions were asked:

Can you think of a beautiful thing Billy might have done with his flowers?

How do you think God feels when he sees some children with lovely homes and gardens and many toys to play with, while others are poor and unhappy?

Why do you suppose some people have so much, others so little?

What can we do about it?

How can we share?

Good times, flowers, toys, automobile rides, books, were mentioned.

The poem "On Our Street," p. 196, was repeated, and the story "Philip and His Tools," p. 147, was told.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Many groups have enjoyed dramatizing the story "The Apple Dumpling," in *The Story Teller*, by Maud Lindsay.

There is in this story a delightful humor, which, if delicately portrayed, emphasizes in a beautiful way the value of sharing. The writer has seen this dramatization at a public program, however, when the

costumes were somewhat ludicrous, and the audience responded in such a way that it was evident that players and audience alike lost the point of the story.

With this particular group it seemed wise to accept these games and to attempt to develop a feeling of gratitude for their good times as they played. With a smaller group or with one more accustomed to working and planning together it would be well to help them to choose games which more nearly show a connection with the spirit of Thanksgiving.

They might plan a game to begin by a child saying, "I am thankful for something which begins with B." The other children guess what it is.

These questions may help the children to form a worthwhile purpose.

Who can think of a game which will show something for which you are thankful?

Can you think of something for which you are thankful?

How could you say it so we might make a game of it?

As the game evolves the children will plan variations and make the rules. They may plan it to start, "I am thinking of something at home for which I am thankful."

SESSION 3

In this session scrapbooks were made for the hospital.

During the preceding session the children had become quite interested in the subject of sharing. Some wished that they might do something for the crippled children in the hospital. We discussed the different things they might enjoy and decided upon a scrap-

book. In it were to be put pictures of beautiful things, "Even beautiful things people do," they said.

To-day some arrived with lovely pictures of fruits, flowers, homes, and children playing. These were pasted on brown cambric and wrapped to take to the hospital.

Some pictures had not been carefully chosen and were discarded by other members of the group. "If everyone had brought pictures we'd have had more scrapbooks," said one child. This work provided ample opportunity for discrimination and for the practise of kindness when they eliminated certain pictures.

The children were eager to make the books as beautiful as possible. Pictures of the same type were placed on one page. Great care was taken in mounting to make the spacing attractive. The pictures were pasted so that the lower margin was wider than the one at the top. The group, including the teacher, commented on the make-up of each page before it was mounted, in order that it might be neat and artistic.

Each group met for a few moments to practise its part for the next week.

The poem "Gentleman Gay," p. 197, was told and dramatized.

SESSION 4

The children were to have charge of this session and carry out their Thanksgiving plans.

Each group met separately for a few moments to be sure they were ready for their part of the service.

Another class was using the church auditorium so we arranged our chairs to make the room look as much like a church as possible.

Pictures of children praying, of *The Angelus*, and of children singing in the church were hung upon the screen.

The program was planned as follows:

I. WORSHIP SERVICE

Psalm 92: 1, by child.

Song—"Father, We Thank Thee"—by all.

Story—"A Thankful Heart," p. 145—by the teacher.

Song—"Thanksgiving"—by group 2.

Spontaneous prayers—by several children closing with one; by the leader of the group.

2. GAMES

When We're Playing Together.

Musical game.

At the close of the game the teacher asked the children to name things for which the games made them wish to thank God. She led the group in a prayer of thanks for our bodies, our eyes, and ears, which help us to have such good times.

The children worked in their notebooks for a few moments during the rest of the hour. They headed their pages "Being Thankful." Some drew one object and wrote, "I thank God for——." Others made a series of statements illustrating each with a drawing as follows:

I am glad I can smell the (drawing of a flower).

I am glad I can hear the (drawing of a bell or a few notes of music).

I am glad I can see my (drawing of a house).

I am glad I can jump the (drawing of a rope).

At the close we talked about the good time we had, recalling some of the things which had made us happy. Some suggestions for improvement were made such as "being sure everyone had a turn" in playing the games, "everyone singing during the services," et cetera.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

It may be well for the children to have an opportunity occasionally to lead in such services. With some groups it may be better for the teacher to lead rather often that she may help by her own attitude to develop an atmosphere of worship.

A psalm of praise might have been written by the group as an element of the service.

The responses found in *Worship and Conduct Songs for Beginners and Primaries* are helpful. "The Lord Hath Done Great Things for Us" and "Let Us Worship and Bow Down" may well be used here.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

At the close of the enterprise it was felt that the children were beginning to develop an appreciation of the many gifts bestowed upon us. They seemed to have begun to recognize that Thanksgiving Day should become more than a day of feasting.

They were beginning to feel their own responsibility in sharing with others and to experience satisfaction in giving pleasure to others.

SEEKING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

Six Sessions

SEEKING THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

THE Christmas season with all its festivities and with its possibilities of joy and happiness to the one who appreciates it in its truest significance, may mean little more to the child than a time for the receiving of gifts. To the teacher of little children comes the wonderful opportunity of helping them to appreciate the wonder and beauty of the first Christmas season, and to help them to see the need for a perpetuation of its message of peace and good will throughout the year. Third-grade children are capable of experiencing real joy as they ally themselves with the purpose of Jesus, in giving happiness to others.

SESSION I

The teacher planned to devote the first session to a discovery of the meaning of Christmas.

When the children reached the church there was an air of excitement about them. It was evident that already the subject of Christmas was their chief topic of interest in their school and play life. They talked spontaneously for a few minutes of Christmas preparations in their homes and schools. They were interested in the decorations they were making for their school room and in the Christmas trees they were going to have at home. No deeper significance was apparent so the teacher asked:

“What does Christmas really mean to you?”

They said:

"It means Jesus' Birthday."

"It means when you get gifts."

"It is when you give gifts to poor people and people in hospitals."

When asked whether we give gifts to anyone else they said:

"Cripples and orphans."

The thought of giving gifts to friends and those we love came only after further questioning.

The teacher then said:

"Christmas means a great deal more to me than what some of you have said. Would you like to study more about it and see if you can discover something more wonderful and beautiful about it?"

They were eager to do this and when asked where they might find something about it, suggested looking in the Bible.

The teacher turned to the Bible and said:

"I know a story which has been written very much as it is found here."

She told "The First Christmas," p. 150.

The pictures *Announcement to the Shepherds*, by Plockhorst, and *Arrival of the Shepherds*, by Le Rolle, were shown.

In studying the Plockhorst picture attention was called to the beauty of the scene and to the surprise of the shepherds. Little attention was paid to the angels except to mention that the artist was trying to show what he thought the Bible story meant.

In the study of the picture by Le Rolle these questions were asked:

What kind of a building do you think this is?

Who are these figures in the corner?

What do you notice about the shepherds?

Why is this one kneeling?

The passage from Luke 2:8-20 was read.

While the children closed their eyes that they might listen more carefully the first verse of the carol, "Silent Night," was sung.

The following questions were asked:

About what kind of a night does the carol tell?

Why does it say silent? Why holy?

What does it mean when it says that all is calm, all is bright around Mary and the baby? (Yes, there was a quiet but happy feeling in Mary's heart.)

Why does it say holy infant?

They listened again while the carol was repeated. They then sang it several times, trying to sing it so that we should all feel the peace and beauty of the story it tells.

We discussed the following questions:

Why do we celebrate the birth of this baby more than that of other babies? What did he do when he became a man? How did he teach people to live? What is the best way of celebrating his birth?

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Another group wished to work in notebooks so they cut from paper a scene to represent the little town of Bethlehem.

They used a piece each of blue and of black paper about 2 inches x 6 inches. They cut along the top of the black paper to represent the square houses and churches. The blue paper was pasted about three lines down from the top of the notebook page. The black paper was pasted at the lower edge of the blue. They drew a star at the top with rays falling down upon the scene. Below they wrote "This is Bethlehem, the town where Jesus was born."

It would have been well for the children to have been searching at home for poems and stories which might have added to the appreciation of the Christmas spirit.

SESSION 2

The teacher felt that the group needed a further development of the spirit of love in giving gifts.

The two pictures used last week were hanging on the screen as the children entered. Several stopped and talked about them. When they were all in their places the pictures were held before them one by one, as the passage from Luke was repeated.

The children closed their eyes while the poem "Then and Now" was interpreted as follows:

Pretend you were a little boy taking care of your sheep on the night that Jesus was born. Perhaps you had your dog with you as you lay on the hillside with the blue sky above you. Suddenly you heard your dog barking and looked about you and saw a bright light in the sky. How would you have felt? Do you suppose you would ever have forgotten it? You cannot be that shepherd boy, but every year something happens to help you know and love that story. I will repeat a poem to you and perhaps you can tell me what it is that tells you every year.

They realized that every year the choirs in the churches sing anthems and carols to remind us of this wonderful time. The poem was repeated again by the teacher after which the children were able to repeat it with her.

They were asked if they knew a carol which told this same story. Someone suggested "Away in a Manger."

With the Le Rolle picture before them the first

verse of the carol was sung. They talked about the meaning of the word "crib."

After the singing of the second verse it was suggested that perhaps the phrase "I love thee, Lord Jesus" may mean that we are thinking of the spirit of Jesus, and how God can help us too.

Someone asked to sing "Silent Night." We sang it to help us to remember the beauty of the story.

The story "The Visit of the Wise Men" was told.

We talked about our custom of giving gifts at Christmas time. The thought was developed that we wished to be like Jesus, and try to make others happy on his birthday.

The children were asked whether they would like to make someone happy this Christmas. They seemed eager to do so and left with a decision to be thinking of the best way in which we might make others happy.

SESSION 3

This session was for the children's own planning of ways to share the meaning of Christmas.

Several suggestions for making Christmas a happy time for others were made by the children. They finally decided to plan a program for their parents as one way of sharing the joy of the Christmas season, and to buy pictures for a Nursery School as another means of giving happiness.

In planning for the program there were many suggestions by the children and some by the teacher. A Santa Claus play and a Christmas tree were among the first suggestions. In response to the question "What will best help your mothers to see the real beauty and wonder of the Christmas time?" they

suggested a presentation of the story of the first Christmas in pantomime.

They became so interested in planning the play that several times they needed to be reminded of their purpose in giving it, by such questions as:

Can you think of several things we must be careful about if we are to help your parents to see how lovely the first Christmas really was?

What do we want them to think of when we sing "Silent Night"?

After a suggestion or two the teacher said, "If you will close your eyes I will sing it again while you think of the pictures you wish them to see."

After mentioning the pictures, we sang it worshipfully. We carried out this process whenever it was needed throughout the rehearsal.

The children wished to repeat the passage from Luke as a part of the service. With a real purpose behind their study they set to work to learn the verses.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Posters representing various Christmas scenes might have lent an atmosphere of reality to the Christmas pageant.

SESSION 4

It was discovered that the following week would be the last session before the school closed for the Christmas holidays, so it was necessary to have an extra meeting after school.

During this meeting we practised the play several times. At the close of each scene the children made suggestions for improvement such as singing more softly, shepherds kneeling to worship the baby, and the position of different characters.

After the last practice the children made invitations for the parents. They cut them from heavy paper in the form of a square card with a Christmas tree at the top. On one side they wrote "Merry Christmas" and on the other, the invitation. They enjoyed coloring the Christmas trees.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

It would have been well for the group to have talked over the best methods of interesting their parents in the program. A rehearsal of the things they intended to say to them might have been helpful. The reader will see the need for this as he reads the outcome as described in Session 5.

SESSION 5

This session was given over to the service for parents.

The parents had been invited to arrive a half hour after the opening of the session. Two children were stationed at the door to meet those who came early and to take them to an adjoining room.

In the meantime we practised with the simple costumes which had been secured. They added greatly to the delight of the children.

We talked about the coming of the mothers. Several children said that their mothers could not come. We reflected for a few moments upon the reasons for their not coming and finally saw that each child might have shown more enthusiasm at home and helped them to see how much they wished their parents to come.

The few guests who came, however, showed so much appreciation that the children experienced

some satisfaction in helping others to enjoy the Christmas story.

As the guests assembled the children who were seated in a circle facing the platform sang "Silent Night."

SCENE I

As the curtains were opened the shepherds of the field showed in pantomime their surprise and alarm as the group repeated the passage from Luke. As they came to verses 13 and 14 the group sang softly "A Christmas Refrain" (No. 87).

At the appropriate time the shepherds signified their desire to go to Bethlehem and see this babe. They arose and started toward the city.

While the curtain was pulled, as a group prepared the stage for the second scene, a child repeated the poem, "Then and Now."

SCENE 2

The curtains opened this time upon the manger scene. One by one the shepherds came in and stood or knelt before the manger as he came to worship the babe within.

Very softly and worshipfully the group sang "Away in a Manger."

At the close, a child from the group arose and thanked God for sending Jesus to help us to live happily and beautifully together.

The story "The Jar of Rosemary," in *The Story Teller*, by Maud Lindsay, was told by the teacher.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Another group very effectively portrayed the spirit of true Christmas giving as they dramatized the story

"The Jar of Rosemary" for their mothers and fathers. They planned it themselves, choosing the characters whom they thought would best interpret the spirit of the story. A few simple costumes for the queen, the prince, and the pages, with a tiny flower in a jar for the jar of rosemary were satisfactory both to the audience and to the players.

A third scene might have been added to the pageant. The coming of the wise men with their gifts might have been presented while the group sang "We Three Kings."

Making scrapbooks for a children's hospital, the making of gifts for others, the singing of carols for shut-ins, would have given an opportunity for service.

One year we discovered that our children were making their parents gifts both at public school and at the Sunday session of the church school, so in the week-day session we made lovely Christmas cards to accompany these gifts.

A personal greeting in prose or poetry will give much happiness to both parent and child. If the group is large the teacher can well afford to take time after the session to help with the spelling.

SESSION 6

A recalling of the meaning of Christmas, a study into the meaning of the New Year for each individual, was planned for this session.

On this first meeting after the Christmas holiday the children were filled with happy memories which they wished to share with the teacher and with one another.

The very spontaneous conversation which followed

centered first about the gifts which had been received.

One child suddenly changed this trend of thought by saying,

"My Sunday School teacher said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

This opened a delightful conversation in which the children brought out the thought of giving gifts which would make others happy because of the love with which they had been given.

They talked of the value of choosing gifts which would especially please the recipient. Our Christmas program was a happy memory, to which they referred again and again. We looked at the pictures and sang again the Christmas carols.

The children had been trying to earn money to pay for the pictures to be given to the Nursery School. There had not been money enough before Christmas. Some had remembered to bring money. So we talked for some time about it. Here was an opportunity for coöperative effort in giving happiness to others. Here was the opportunity to put into practice the principle which they had discovered a few moments before, in choosing the kind of pictures which the small children of the Nursery School would most enjoy. The writing of the letter and the wrapping of the package helped them to experience together the joy of the Christmas spirit which comes in loving service to others.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Another group was interested in New Year's resolutions. A discussion followed which brought out the value of looking back over the past year and seeing wherein we might have been more thoughtful in bringing happiness to others. Each child who wished

to do so, decided upon one thing which he thought he especially needed to change and made a resolution to do differently during the next year.

We talked of the ease with which resolutions were made but of the difficulty of keeping them. It was suggested that their mothers might help them to keep them. Some children enjoyed telling their mothers that they had made a resolution and asking them to watch during the next few days to see if they could guess the resolution. They felt assured of their success in keeping them whenever their parents were able to guess the secret. Some mothers helped by keeping a record. For instance, one boy had the habit of throwing his cap and coat on the floor for his mother to pick up. When he reached home after this discussion he said, "Mother, I have made a resolution. Watch me this week and see if you can guess what it is." His mother helped by recording on a small chart made for this purpose each whole day that passed when she did not have to take care of his clothes.

The story, "The Fairy's New Year Gift," p. 154, was told.

The children made drawings in their notebooks illustrative of their resolutions, and wrote below, "During 1929 I will try to keep my resolution to——"

We closed the session with a prayer asking God to help us keep these resolutions.

Often during the following weeks they were mentioned.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

The group was too large for much individual attention so that the values in this enterprise were less

than they would otherwise have been. It was felt, however, that these children gained a great deal in their ability to work together.

They have begun to appreciate the joy and beauty of the Christmas spirit. They have begun to experience the joy which comes to those who give as well as to those who receive.

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL
IN JESUS' LIFE

Six Sessions

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN JESUS' LIFE

"JESUS wasn't as great as George Washington."
"He was a magic doctor," are comments made by third-grade children who had been studying about Jesus.

It is true that a deep appreciation of his personality, his purpose, and his life can come only gradually and will be ever developing as the child grows to maturity and as he learns to meet his problems in the light of Jesus' life and teachings. But when this group of children asked that they might study about Jesus it became the writer's aim to help them to sense something of the magic of his personality, to realize something of his love and wisdom.

SESSION I

At the close of the first enterprise recorded¹ the children had been asked what they thought would be a good thing to study about. They responded quickly as follows:

About Jesus.

How to dramatize.

About Jesus after he died.

When Jesus was twelve.

¹The course as taught in a vacation school omitted the Thanksgiving and Christmas enterprises.

About all of Jesus' life.
About heaven.
About healing the lame man.
When he healed the sick lady.
How people get to heaven.
When he preached.

All but one of the children wished to study about Jesus. This boy courteously but frankly said, "I've studied so many times about him I don't want to any more."

When asked if he knew a great deal about Jesus' teaching he said, "I guess not." It was suggested to him that he might look for some of those stories and bring them to the class. He said, "Yes, I'd like to do that."

When asked what they were to look for in Jesus' life the children said after some discussion, "His beautiful ways of living." So they had gone home to find material which would reveal the beauty of his life.

Several children had brought story books of Jesus. Some books had lovely pictures of Jesus which we looked at and talked about. One book was called *The Gospel Story*. The following discussion ensued:

TEACHER: What does Gospel mean?

CHILD: The word of God.

TEACHER: Has anyone another idea? (*No reply.*) It means "Good News." What would that good news be about?

CHILD: Jesus.

TEACHER: Why would that be good news to the people?

CHILD: Because he taught about God.



© Harold Copping
THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT

TEACHER: Yes, and these people did not know much about him. They were afraid of him and did not know how much he loved them.

We looked at a Bible and turned to the four gospels and talked a little about the writers.

"I know where Jesus lived," said a child. "It was in the country of Bethlehem." It was explained that Bethlehem was a town. We listed on the blackboard different towns in which Jesus had been, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Capernaum, describing his connection with each one.

They talked about Jesus having lived in Samaria. They were interested in knowing that many of the Jews were not friendly with the Samaritans but that Jesus was friendly to all. A child recalled the incident in which Jesus had spoken to the Samaritan woman at the well "because he loved all people." It was suggested that his friendliness to all was one of the reasons why Jesus was so wonderful and why so many people loved him.

We looked at pictures of houses, water jars, the Sea of Galilee, fishing boats, crooked streets, market scenes, synagogues, carpenter shops, and pictures showing costumes. They were interested in discussing the way the houses and water jars were made.

Many times children think that Palestine is no longer in existence so the question was asked, "How do you think Palestine would look to-day?"

"Oh, it's just a mass of ruins," said a child. Others agreed. They were very much surprised to know that people still make visits to Jerusalem and to the Sea of Galilee. They enjoyed looking at some enlarged kodak pictures which had been taken a few years ago in Palestine.

They had wished to know about Jesus as a little boy. Pictures of Jesus in the temple were shown and the story told.

It had been suggested during the preceding session that the children might enjoy making plasticine water jars. They were eager now to start the work. They were shown pictures of jars of different shapes and sizes. They rolled the plasticine into round balls, then into the pitchers. The tendency was to pull off pieces of clay and attach them later. Some guidance was necessary in helping the children to pull the plasticine into shape for handles and mouths of the jars and pitchers.

Several children had recently entered so there were not enough pieces of clay. Some children were quick to offer to share their plasticine. Their kindness in sharing was recognized as a beautiful way of living. This encouraged others to share also.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A large poster with the sentence "Seeking the Beautiful in Jesus' Life" may be made by the group. Below the sentence may be pasted a picture of Jesus teaching. If this is hung on the screen it may help to remind them of the big purpose in their study.

SESSION 2

The teacher was conscious that the children were especially interested in Jesus' healing. She felt that with this interest there had come a lessening of their appreciation for his teachings. She attempted, therefore, to make Jesus the teacher a vital and challenging character and to help them to discover that the

motive for his interest in the sick and suffering was his love and sympathy for them.

Some pictures were shown of Jesus by the sea. We talked about the crowds that gathered about Jesus and tried to discover why it was that so many people came day after day. Some thought it was because he healed people, others because he was so kind and good, and others because he loved everyone.

We tried to imagine what Jesus would say to the people. The children thought he might be telling how good God was, or that we should be good and kind and unselfish. The teacher read the following passage, Matthew 5:43, 44, 45, and 48, as an illustration of his teachings.

We imagined Jesus as he walked about in the country listening to the songs of the birds and enjoying the flowers and trees. They listened to the poem "Far Away in Old Judea," p. 199, and tried to remember some of the things it mentioned that Jesus told the people. They began to sense the power of his personality, as a child said, "He must have been wonderful or the children wouldn't have left their play to follow him."

The pianist played "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus." Some of the children recognized it and wished to sing it. As the song was sung to the children they tried to make mental pictures of Jesus in the scenes mentioned.

Several children wished to hear of Jesus healing the people, so the story "A Blind Man Healed," p. 156, was told and dramatized. This story presents difficulties in dramatizing, in helping the children to see that it is not well for them to take the part of Jesus, and in arranging a scene which would show Bartimaeus' joy without presenting Jesus.

The children made their own speeches and changed them with each dramatization, but they usually began with the approach of Bartimaeus who had a cup in his hand and who felt his way along with a cane. He sat down and was quiet for a moment; then he talked about the sky and the birds.

A conversation with the friend followed as is suggested by the story.

During the last scene a dialogue took place between two friends of Bartimaeus. One friend told another that suddenly Bartimaeus had left him to follow Jesus and that he had heard that he could see. Just then Bartimaeus returned and told of the wonderful thing which had happened to him.

This was considered to be well worth dramatizing two or three times and needed much criticism by the children and the teacher.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Oriental games may be introduced as games which Jesus might have played. One group enjoyed playing them and at each place in the game which called for decisions they tried to decide as Jesus would have done. If the teacher is skillful in her presentation she may add to the reality of Jesus as a living character in the games, or they may be played as thoughtlessly as any other game.

Some children have enjoyed making booklets to record their discoveries about Jesus. They have pasted pictures of him as he taught by the sea, writing a few sentences of explanation. They have written poems about him, and illustrated stories such as the story of Jesus and Zacchaeus. They have drawn a robed figure to represent Zacchaeus and shown him walking about on his journey from house to house.

Sentences of interpretation are written below as follows:

"Jesus taught Zacchaeus a beautiful way to live.

"Zacchaeus is visiting his friends. He has learned to show his love to them."

SESSION 3

We planned to develop further the enterprise that would give the children the spiritual significance of Jesus' life. The children spontaneously worked out a dramatization telling about Jesus and started making a Palestinian village.

A child initiated the experience by saying as she entered, "I have brought you a vase of flowers to make our room beautiful."

The flowers were especially lovely and the children gathered about, smelling and touching them. Realizing that this was a golden opportunity for associating God with the emotion of happiness, the teacher waited for the moment when they seemed to experience greatest joy and wonder, then quietly bowed her head and said, "Perhaps there are some children here who would like to say 'thank you' for the flowers or for anything that has made you happy." Several children responded. One child thanked God for everything beautiful in the world. The teacher began softly to sing, "All Things Bright and Beautiful" (No. 44), the children joining.

TEACHER: Mary asked God to help her to be good.

Perhaps you would all like to ask God to help you during all this week to live in a beautiful way.

CHILD: We could sing "Help Us Lord."

We bowed our heads and sang.

CHILD: My auntie is coming home from Hawaii. She's a primary supervisor there. She's going to bring me a Hula Hula dress. I could wear it to school.

TEACHER: Do you suppose the Hawaiian girls and boys know about Jesus as we do?

CHILD: Some do and some don't.

TEACHER: Suppose a little Hawaiian girl should come into our room as we are studying what would you like to do?

CHILD: Invite her in to study, too.

TEACHER: Would you like to play that Margaret is a little girl from Hawaii who doesn't know about Jesus? Could you help her to learn about him?

The children were very enthusiastic and suggested many ways of playing. They decided to tell stories and poems and to sing songs.

The teacher had brought several typed stories of Jesus. These were distributed among a group of children, that they might select a few to study.

From the list of stories found on p. 163f they chose three stories to tell.

While this group was at work the other children studied the poem "Far Away in Old Judea" and "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus."

As the entire group came together again Margaret was sent to the door to enter as a little girl from Hawaii.

During this first dramatization the teacher said nothing, except to suggest that anyone who could think of something wonderful about Jesus should speak. The children told their stories and poem without interruption. At the conclusion it was decided that the children who were telling the stories should

study them at home and that the rest would be thinking of the most wonderful thing they knew about Jesus.

"Are we going to make something that tells about Jesus?" said a child.

"Would you like to make a village to help you imagine Jesus a little better as he walked about?" asked the teacher.

This suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm and Palestinian houses were begun.

The houses were made from a 4-inch square of manilla paper. Each square was folded into sixteen squares. The creases were cut along the heavy lines. See figure 1, p. 68. Squares marked A and D were folded and pasted under B C. Similarly E and H were folded and pasted under F G.

Some houses were made with an extra room for guests. The extra room was made by cutting a row of squares from each of two adjacent sides of a paper folded in sixteen squares. Squares A and C were folded and pasted under B; D and F under E. See figure 2, p. 68.

There was time, however, to make only the main part of the house on the first day.

SESSION 4

We started the class by working upon the Palestinian village, but the children were interested also in playing the dramatization they had worked out.

The group was divided into three sections: Group A made the extra room for the houses. Group B made synagogues as they had made the houses, except that they used larger squares of paper. Group C made booths for the market place. They were made from

a rectangular piece of paper 4 inches by 3 inches. The two long sides were folded together and creased, then opened. The paper was folded the other way

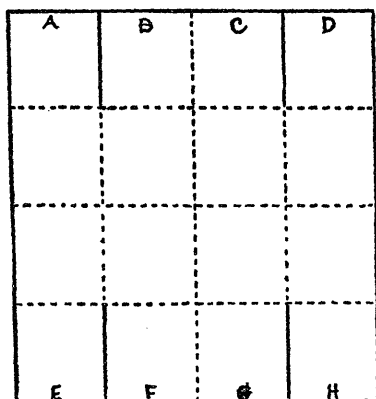


Fig. 1.

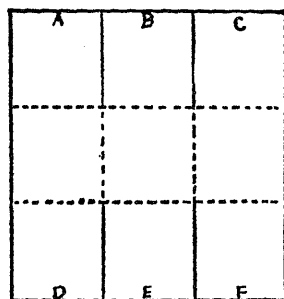


Fig. 2.

into three equal parts, creased, and opened. See figure 1, p. 69.

Cuts were made as shown in figure 2, p. 69. Square A was folded and pasted over flap C and B over D.

Palm trees were made at home by two or three children. They folded brown wrapping paper for trunks and cut the palms from green crêpe paper.

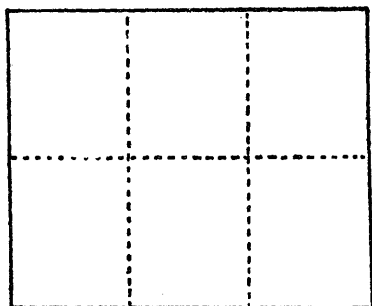


Fig. 1.

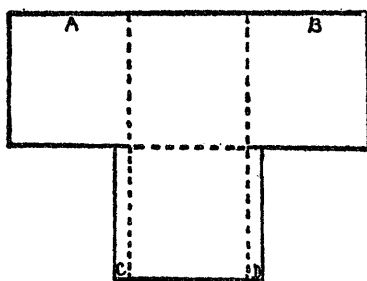


Fig. 2.

Margaret had brought her costume, so the children were glad to practise the dramatization again. When Margaret appeared at the door she surprised everyone by appearing in a Japanese costume. The children were as glad as though she had carried out her original intention. "My name is Moto," she said. The scene shifted readily, and the group was now ready to teach a Japanese child beautiful things about Jesus.

The teacher felt that she could help the children to

develop a richer conception of Jesus by asking such questions as these at the close of each story:

Do you think that means that if anyone is unkind to me I must be kind to him?

What do you think your story means?

It was suggested that possibly Margaret could ask similar questions the next time.

The story of Zacchaeus reveals so much of the power of Jesus' love and personality that it had been reserved for the teacher's telling and was told now.

It was felt that the story of Zacchaeus had left an impression which would not be deepened by comments so we closed the session with a sentence prayer offered by the teacher in gratitude for Jesus' love and teachings.

SESSION 5

Through a spontaneous conversation, the children revealed conceptions which it was deemed unwise to change abruptly. It is hoped that gradually they may develop a more spiritual conception of immortality.

CHILD: I have a story I think might help our class.

TEACHER: We'll be glad to hear it. Perhaps when Dorothy finishes, the rest can tell why she thought it was helpful for us.

Dorothy told the story, "The Boy Who Discovered Spring."

CHILD: I think she told it because it tells about lovely things, flowers and trees and brooks.

CHILD: It tells beautiful ways of living.

TEACHER: What do you mean?

CHILD: When the hermit let the little elf boy stay with him.

TEACHER: Do the flowers remind you of anything?

CHILD: The flowers make us think of God.

TEACHER: Why?

CHILD: Because he made them.

CHILD: They put them on graves for funerals.

TEACHER: Why?

CHILD: Because flowers live and so do people.

CHILD: Their soul does.

TEACHER: It's the part that loves and thinks and feels that goes on living, isn't it?

CHILD: It's their spirit that goes to heaven.

TEACHER: What do you think heaven is like?

CHILD: It is a beautiful place.

CHILD: The streets are made of gold.

CHILD: I don't think they are made of gold, but I think it is beautiful. I don't know how.

TEACHER: We don't know very much about heaven. Probably the people who said the streets were made of gold were trying to imagine what it was like and that was the best thing of which they could think. Jesus did tell us one thing about it.

CHILD: That we would be happy.

CHILD: I used to think heaven was above the sky.

CHILD: Angels take you to heaven.

TEACHER: Do we know very much about angels?

CHILD: There must be angels; there were angels at the tomb.

TEACHER: Some people think there are real angels just as we see them in pictures. Others think that the artists have painted them just the way they imagined they looked.

CHILD: Some say they are spirits.

TEACHER: Yes, many people think that. Many feel that just as God helps us even though we cannot see him, so angels are a part of his spirit that help without being seen.

CHILD: Mother says God sends you to heaven if you ask him to forgive you.

TEACHER: What else must we do besides asking God to forgive us?

CHILD: We must try to do better next time.

CHILD: My mother died when I was five.

TEACHER: Is there anything that Jesus taught that makes you happy when you think of your mother?

CHILD: We know God is there and taking care of her.

CHILD: We know good people are there.

TEACHER: I think that the people who are good and kind will be happy. What do you think selfish and unkind people will have to learn before they can be happy?

CHILD: I know why Jesus died—Matthew wrote that he would die and so he had to die as they expected.

TEACHER: When did we say Matthew wrote about Jesus?

CHILD: After he died.

TEACHER: Perhaps you are thinking of Isaiah who told of what would happen to Jesus. But I wonder if there wasn't another reason why Jesus went on teaching when he knew he might be killed?
No one responded.

TEACHER: Jesus taught many beautiful ways of living. Do you remember a story we had last time which showed how he helped one man?

CHILD: Zacchaeus.

TEACHER: Sometimes people were glad like Zacchaeus. But sometimes they were angry at Jesus. One time when Jesus was in the temple he saw people buying and selling and cheating the poor people. He knew that they should not do this, so he drove them out. At other times he told people

when they were doing wrong. Then people were angry and finally they killed him.

This story tells of one of the wonderful things he taught the people.

The story "Jesus' Love for a Woman," p. 164, was told. We sang "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," and closed with spontaneous prayers of thanks for Jesus and his teachings.

SESSION 6

This session gave the children an opportunity to use all they had thought and felt about Jesus by perfecting the dramatization and writing a poem.

CHILD: Let's play about Jesus again.

TEACHER: Perhaps if we would think over all we have studied and each one try to think of the most wonderful thing we know about Jesus, it will help us to tell Moto more.

The children thought for a moment before they responded:

When he said God would forgive them but they would not be so happy if they had done bad.

When he fed all the people.

When he told how wonderful God was.

Because he died for us.

Because he was willing to be killed.

I think he was wonderful to preach all day by Galilee.

He must have been wonderful. We don't remember other people that lived then.

When he was on the cross and said, "Forgive them."

Because he was so brave.

He prayed to be brave.

TEACHER: Yes, Jesus always prayed when he was in trouble or when he was happy.

The dramatization proceeded briefly as follows:
Moto entered dressed in Japanese costume.

CHILD: Hello, Moto, come in.

MOTO: What are you doing?

CHILD: Studying about Jesus.

MOTO: I never heard about him. Tell me about him.

Child: told a story, "Jesus Teaching a Beautiful Way to Live."

Child: told story, "Jesus Teaching About God's Care."

Group: repeated poem, "Far Away in Old Judea."

Child: told story, "Jesus Showing God's Love for All Nations."

MOTO: Does that mean he loves me as much as he does you?

CHILD: Yes, it does.

CHILD: Jesus was wonderful when he preached all day in the hot sun.

CHILD: Even the children followed him, he was so kind.

Group: sang, "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus."

MOTO: Do you know some more?

CHILD: He loved the people so much that he always healed them.

MOTO: Well, I'm glad I came.

CHILDREN: Good-bye, Moto.

For the dramatization as worked out more fully see p. 120 f.

It was suggested that the children might like to write a poem which would help them to remember all the wonderful things they had discovered about Jesus.

They worked together for some time—various children suggesting different lines, then substituting others which they considered better. After a considerable amount of thought they produced the following verses, not eloquently expressed, but reflecting their ideas of Jesus:

The birdies on the mountain side
Will teach us how to sing
Of Jesus our good friend
Who loved each living thing.

He loved the trees on the hillside
He loved the brooks that flow
But best of all he loved the children
Who went wherever he would go.

Day by day the crowds gathered round him
While he preached beside the sea
Telling them of God's great love
Till each was happy as could be.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

The values of this study are not easily defined. The tangible evidences are few. It was in the attitudes of the children, the tones of reverence in their voices which can be a memory only to the teacher, which have caused her to feel its value.

It has seemed of value for the children to picture the setting in which Jesus lived, to be able to imagine him as he walked down the crooked streets of the little towns of Palestine.

It is believed that now it is not just the healing power of Jesus which holds a charm for the children. They seem to have begun to sense some of the inner sources of strength and power which lay in his personality.

A guest remarked one morning as we worked upon the village: "This kind of work shows up the characteristics of different children, doesn't it? Some are so willing to share."

Not only was it valuable in revealing the life problems of individual children, but it provided splendid opportunities for the development of better ways of living together.

In the attempt of the children to teach the Japanese girl about Jesus they undoubtedly worked harder and expressed their own views more definitely, and with greater enjoyment than in many other forms of study which might have been conducted. For the value of purpose in study see Introduction, p. xxv.

To many third-grade children the discussion about heaven would not be a pertinent question. Its value lay in the vital interest to this group.

The permanent value of the study will depend largely upon the use which is made of it in the future. The constant references to Jesus' standards will add greatly to the children's conceptions of him, and will serve as a guide in the making of their own decisions.

AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDLINESS

Five Sessions



AN ADVENTURE IN FRIENDLINESS

THERE is danger that in the missionary education of our children we shall place too great an emphasis upon the differences existing between our country and others. Too often, it is feared, a study of the customs of other lands leaves our children with a consciousness of the peculiarity of those who are not like us. Often there is too great a feeling of our national superiority.

We wish our children to have a national loyalty which shall inspire them to assume responsibility in making our nation truly Christian. But we wish them also to see the good in other countries. We wish them to be intelligent in so far as they have the capacity regarding facts of relations between countries. We wish to develop a feeling of friendliness toward children of other lands, and toward those children who have left their own land for ours.

Children are often urged to bring money for the missionaries with little knowledge of its significance. We wish this giving to be intelligent and purposeful.

This enterprise which is described in the following pages centers about Japanese children because of an interest manifested by this group. It might easily have included a study of other nations. A choice of an entirely different country might have been made. With another group it might have developed around the enterprise which is being conducted by the Missionary Education Movement for the year.

SESSION I

Since the day that Margaret had dressed in a Japanese costume our group had been eager to learn more about Japan. They wished to know how the boys dressed and the games they played. We decided that we might discover the beautiful things about them first so they agreed to find all the beautiful Japanese articles they could and bring them to the class room.

At our opening session, fans, a paper parasol, a Japanese costume, and pictures were brought. We looked at them, emphasizing the beauty and careful workmanship of each article. Stories of Japanese children were told by members of the group.

We talked about their customs; the use of chop sticks, the use of the paper houses, and the custom of sitting on the floor. At first the children could see only the strangeness of their customs, but as they tried to discover reasons for their doing differently than we do they decided that they were quite wise to act as they do in their situation. When they thought of the earthquakes it seemed quite natural for their houses to be made of paper.

Our pianist, who had known a Japanese girl, told of the lovely things she knew about them. She mentioned especially their courtesy and their good minds.

We mentioned the fact that we should probably seem as strange to them in their country as they do to us. The poem "What Would You Do?" p. 200, was read.

The Japanese poster found in the set published by the National Council for Prevention of War was shown with the poem, emphasizing the cleanliness of Japanese children. This was read to the group.

SEEKING THE BEAUTIFUL IN JAPAN



Illustration by Edith Cunnings.

We talked then of the doll festival and the day of kite battles for the boys.

We played the Japanese game "Hana, Hana, Hana, Kuchi," p. 207. The game was difficult enough for our group to appreciate the keenness of the Japanese children who enjoy it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A poster to be added to the "Seeking the Beautiful" set may be made. Below the sentence, Seeking the Beautiful in Kimono Land, or Seeking the Beautiful in the Land of Cherry Blossoms, may be a drawing or paper cutting of a Japanese scene or of Japanese figures.

Two interesting games, "Otodoma" and "Bounce the Ball," pp. 207-8, help American children to appreciate the skill of Japanese players. A small group of girls may be made responsible for making the rice bags required in the first game.

Other groups have enjoyed the story, "The Boy Who Wondered and Found out," in Colson's *Second Primary Book in Religion*. It has helped them to see the value of helping Japanese children to know about God.

SESSION 2

In this session we were developing an appreciation of Japanese villages, though this brought up also a consideration of our courtesy to each other as we worked together.

Other lovely Japanese articles were brought and examined. The story, "Taki of Teapot Lane," p. 177, was told.

The children wished to make a Japanese village. The story which had been told emphasized the

courtesy of the Japanese children. During the last two sessions the children had become a little careless. They talked at times when the teacher was giving directions, and when the table was crowded they had not been very courteous to each other. So the teacher said, "What do you think of the way we have been working at the table these last few days?"

"We talked too much," "We pushed each other," "We didn't keep our room looking very nice" were the responses.

"How do you think the Japanese children would do?"

"They're polite," said one, evidently remembering the story.

"Let's pretend we're Japanese."

"Let's see who'll make the best Japanese," said others.

Very quietly and courteously the group went to the table and began their work.

They made paper houses and jinrikishas according to the directions given in *Primary Methods in the Church School*, by Alberta Munkres.

There is a very wonderful museum in the city with splendid Japanese exhibits. It was suggested that the group might discover more lovely Japanese articles there. Everyone was eager to go the next day.

"My auntie works down there," said a child. "She'll show us the Japanese dolls." So plans were made for the next day's pilgrimage in search of beautiful articles made by Japanese people.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A dramatization of a Japanese tea party might be helpful in showing the courtesy of Japanese children.

The players might appear in costumes and carry paper parasols. The guests should leave their shoes at the door. Skill in teaching would be required if the children are to appreciate the beauty and courtesy of the Japanese custom. Those who are dramatizing must consciously be attempting to portray that which is lovely. The rest of the group must be "seeking the beautiful" in costume and in ways of living.

Without this care the custom may seem peculiar and the costumes "funny" because of being different from ours.

SESSION 3

While our major aim in this day's pilgrimage was to develop appreciation for Japanese art we discovered many opportunities for practice in beautiful ways of living together.

The child who had spoken of her auntie "who works in the museum" had made arrangements for us to arrive at ten o'clock that morning. It seemed valuable since we could make only one trip to seek the beautiful in nature exhibits as well as in the Japanese exhibit. We told Miss Rankin of our desire. She had welcomed us very graciously and had arranged for guides to take us into the rooms specified. Because our guide was a teacher accustomed to leading groups of children and because she understood our purpose in coming, our visit was made much more fruitful.

We were taken first into the rooms where the birds and animals are located. We spoke especially of the beauty of the feathers and fur of the birds and animals. We saw the tiniest birds and the largest which reminded us of a phrase of our song,

"All things great and small,
Our Father made them all."



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THE HOPE OF THE WORLD (Copping)

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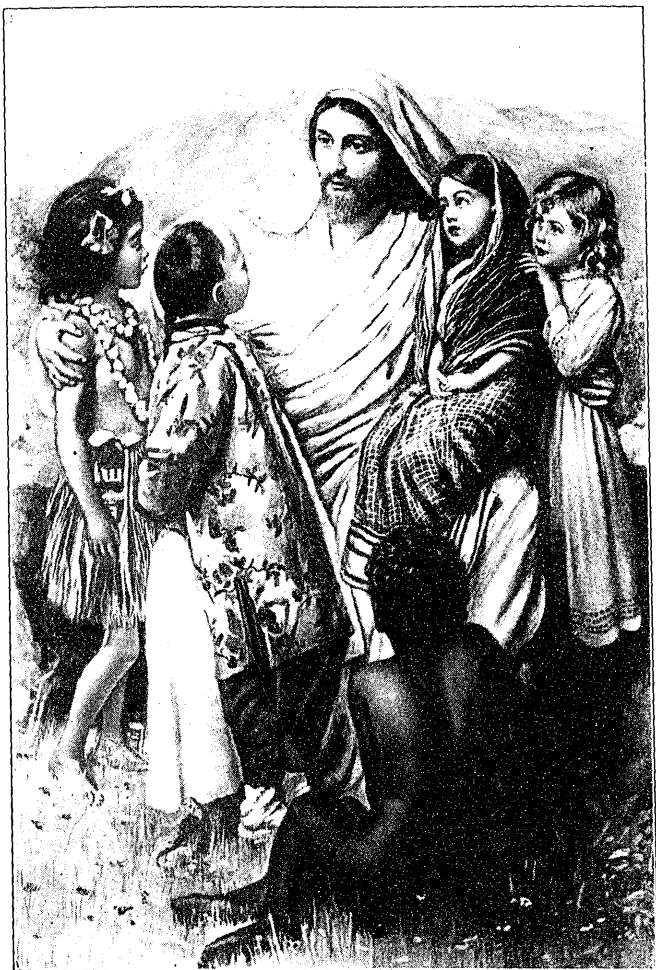
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We were taken then to the room where Japanese dolls were on exhibit. Other lovely articles were there. A Japanese game was shown. We went into the large room filled with Japanese and Chinese ivory carvings. The children recognized the time, patience, and skill required in such beautiful workmanship.

Knowing that we were interested in churches our guide showed us a room filled with church architecture. We sat upon the steps of a copy of a real church facing a copy of the doors of the Baptistry of St. John the Baptist, Florence, Italy. A guide who is especially well informed in regard to this part of the museum talked to us of its designing. She told us of the artist and his patience in working for twenty years on one set of doors. Each panel represented a Bible story, some of which the guide asked the children to name. They were delighted when they were able to recognize some.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

If there had been in the neighborhood a missionary from Japan who could have given the desired emphasis it would have been well to have asked her to speak to the children.

If a real Japanese could have sung Japanese songs, have played Japanese games with them, and have talked to the children about Japan and of what Jesus means to Christian Japanese people it would have been of great value.

SESSION 4

We had a very profitable morning discussing the visit to the museum.

The birds and animals had served to remind us of our former discussions of beautiful things in God's world.

A boy had said, in looking at the exquisite carving exhibited, "The Japanese can do as well as we can."

"Better, I guess," said another.

"They can't fight as well as we can though," said the first boy who had spoken.

Such questions as these helped to start a discussion regarding the kind of country we want ours to be:

Why do we admire a country for its carving?

What does fighting do for a country?

What might your country do to make you the most proud of it?

The beauty of the church architecture, an interesting German kitchen which had quite fascinated a few members of our group, might easily have led to a further study along any of these lines. An interesting enterprise would have been the study of the home life of different nations.

In discussing our own conduct on the trip, the children seemed especially impressed by the friendliness of the people at the museum, and the way in which the guide had helped the larger children to stand back so the little ones could see, and the courtesy with which the children and the guide took turns in talking and listening to each other.

SESSION 5

The teacher felt that to this natural appreciation of other peoples which children easily develop should be added some knowledge of the prejudices and problems which prevail in order that their attitudes

of friendship might be strengthened. The recent discourtesy shown to Japan by America was discussed.

Our session opened by a discussion of the following incidents:

Fumika was a little Japanese girl who had just come to the new Lincoln school. The other children stared at her and did not offer to play with her. One day Billy said, "I think it's more important for you girls to be nice to Fumika than to anyone else." Why do you suppose he thought that?

Harold loved to play "The Good Samaritan" story. He was "The Good Samaritan." "Harold isn't a good Samaritan to the Japanese boy who lives next door to him," said Jack when the play was over. Harold looked ashamed for a minute and then said, "Oh, that's different." Was Harold right? What do you suppose had happened?

We talked then about what Jesus had said in regard to treatment of people from another land.

The stories "Jesus Showing God's Love for All Nations," p. 163, and "Jesus and the Samaritan Woman," were recalled. The story "The Artist Who Forgot Four Colors," p. 180, was told. We sang "God's Children Live in Many Lands," in *Song and Play for Children*, by Danielson and Conant. We talked of the situation between Japan and America.¹ These facts were emphasized:

1. The working of the land in our country by Japanese.
2. The protest of the American people as to their right.

¹For information regarding this situation read Chap. 24 of *War as an Instrument of National Policy*, by James T. Shotwell.

3. The courtesy and fairness of the Japanese in keeping to their quota as prescribed by our government.

4. The secret passing of the act refusing their admittance to our country.

5. The feeling of the Japanese that our country had been unfriendly to them.

6. The attempts of many Christian Americans to show their friendliness to the Japanese people.

The sending of the friendship dolls was discussed. The children resolved to do their part in establishing friendly relations with Japanese children. They decided to make scrapbooks with pictures of American children in their homes and at their play, and of scenery. These were to be sent to Japan by a missionary who will return to her school there this fall.

As these pictures came in slowly it was decided not to give an entire session to the making of scrapbooks, but for groups of children to work upon them at different times. Often this was done before and after the regular session.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Making simple toys for the children in this Japanese school would have been a splendid activity.

Inviting children of other lands for a party or picnic and playing their games might help to promote a real feeling of friendliness.

Other children have enjoyed the poem beginning, "The world is full of children" found on p. 201.

The poster entitled *World Children at Play* found in the new set of pictures which accompany the International lessons used by the Methodist Church

would be helpful in emphasizing the spirit of this poem.

The song "Children of One Father" found in *Worship and Conduct Songs for Beginners and Primaries* may be used in the place of the one suggested, if preferred.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

This group has developed a new appreciation of Japan and the beauty of its art. The skill of the Japanese children in playing their own games has been recognized.

The children have an elementary knowledge of the actual situation existing between the two countries which may help to prevent too great a feeling of our superiority over other nations.

It was felt that, motivated as it was by the teachings of Jesus, the service activity had a religious significance which helped them to feel that they were helping God to make the whole world a happier place.

The friendliness of the people at the museum had demonstrated to the children the happiness others receive when people live in a beautiful way.

THE BEAUTY OF THE
EASTER MESSAGE

Three Sessions

THE BEAUTY OF THE EASTER MESSAGE

TO MANY children the thought of death is very awesome. Sometimes it has entered their own homes and to them the Easter message has special significance.

In these days, when the church has no single and fixed description of the details of the life after death but leaves each man free for his own interpretation, we cannot be dogmatic in our teaching. We need to emphasize the general conviction and faith and joy rather than details. Linked with the new life of the springtime, we can lead them to feel and understand why Christian people have always thought of Easter as the happiest time of the year.

SESSION I

In the first session the beauty of new life in nature was experienced.

The buds were beginning to come out on the trees. Signs of new life were appearing all about, for the Easter season was approaching. The children had not been unmindful of this great change which was taking place in the world of nature. Each day they told of evidences that spring was coming.

One day the teacher had brought a handful of flax seeds which she distributed among the children. They enjoyed pressing with their finger nails against the little hard shell of the seed. They talked of the fact that they could not easily break the seed, that

none of us could make another like it, but if we planted it we would discover that something wonderful was within.

"It's the feeling," said one.

"It's life," said one.

"God gives it," said another.

"Let's plant it and see what happens," was a suggestion.

A glass was filled about two thirds full of water, a little piece of cotton placed within and several seeds on top.

We talked of the gardens that were being made and the growth of the roots and stalks.

We talked of the seeds that lie under the ground all winter and of the new leaves that were coming out, of the fact that everything had gone on living during the winter months.

The story "The Worm That Waited," p. 168, was told.

We had a cocoon in the room which had been brought there in the fall. We examined it closely and felt that soon we too might see a wonder wrought.

Pictures of birds and flowers were shown and placed on the screen.

The song "'Tis God Who Sends the Spring" (No. 38) was interpreted and sung. To make the song more meaningful to the children the teacher asked several questions for them to think about just before the song was sung for their appreciation.

"Have you felt the warm sun on your back this spring? Have you heard little birds singing in the trees? Have you seen some lovely flowers coming through the ground? Then you'll understand how one person felt when she wrote these words."

The children enjoyed listening, while the piano

was played, for the place in the music which sounds like a little bird singing. "Perhaps we can hear one outside now," said the teacher. And as we listened we could hear first one then another as they sang together in the tree tops.

With parquetry circles the children started to make a garden of tulips. The circles were cut to look like a tulip bud or blossom. Stems were drawn with crayolas—some tall, others quite short. A yellow square of paper cut diagonally with both diagonals placed near together made a lovely butterfly hovering over a tulip. Little brown spots on the wings and head were made with crayolas.

Each child went away determining to discover one new sign of life during the week and to breathe a little prayer of thanks to God when he saw it.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Bulbs might have been planted to give to people to remind them of the Easter message.

SESSION 2

The deeper meaning of Easter and of ongoing life was the central thought of this session.

Some children had brought cocoons. A poem telling of spring was read by a child; others were ready to tell of beautiful things they had seen.

The seeds we had planted had tiny roots and little leaves. They were eagerly examined.

"We have an Easter lily," said one.

"Easter is next Sunday," said another.

"What is Easter?" said the teacher.

"When we get Easter eggs," "When the Easter

bunny comes," "When Jesus died," others responded.

The teacher wrote on the blackboard, "What does Easter mean?"

Then she said, "Some people feel that the secret of Easter is the most beautiful thing they have ever heard. Perhaps we can find out what it really means," the teacher commented as she held the picture, "Sermon on the Mount" by Copping, and asked these questions.

Where do you think these people are?

Why are they here? What are they doing?

What are some of the things that Jesus talked to them about?

The story "The First Easter," p. 170, was told.

We turned to the Bible and read the passage from Luke.

"When you go to church on Sunday what will you see?" asked the teacher.

"There'll be lots of flowers."

"Why do you suppose there are always so many flowers at Easter time?"

There were no responses beyond the thought that Jesus was buried in a beautiful garden with flowers.

So the story "The Boy Who Discovered Spring," found in Raymond Alden's *Why the Chimes Rang*, was told.

These questions followed:

What made the hermit smile?

When our friends die why do we like to remember the Easter story?

Of what do the flowers remind us?

Some children wrote in their notebooks an Easter prayer. Others wrote "What Easter Means."

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A group made a window box and painted it, then planted seeds in it. This was given to an old lady in the neighborhood who loves flowers, but who was not able to care for a garden.

SESSION 3

This session was planned to complete with satisfaction the Easter experience.

We talked about the Easter services in the churches and reviewed the meaning of Easter. Then the teacher said:

One of the loveliest stories in the Bible tells that God made the world, the moon, stars, and animals. Some people have the idea that God made the world all at once, and finished it. What do you think about it?

What are some things he still does?

Many of the new signs of spring were mentioned.

A butterfly had that morning emerged from the cocoon which had been in the church all winter. The door of the adjoining room where the cocoon had been was opened and the children filed in to look at it. Here was a tangible evidence of God's work in the world. It was a new experience to many of the children and they were very silent as we bowed our heads and thanked God for helping the caterpillar to go on living in this new and beautiful way.

The incident was told of the king who lived long ago who had gone into his garden and discovered that God was still working in the world.

The passage from Song of Solomon 2:11, 12 and 13a, was repeated while the children listened to see

the beautiful things the king had discovered. The children enjoyed imagining the kind of flowers and vines he saw and the birds he heard.

We sang " 'Tis God Who Sends the Spring."

The story, "The Minstrel Song," p. 172, was told and dramatized.

The children completed the gardens they had started two weeks before. Below the picture some wrote poems about God's world. Others copied the last verse of the song.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

A springtime pageant centering about the thought of new signs of life might have strengthened the children's conceptions and given pleasure to others.

An outdoor trip to see the flowers and budding trees, or a visit to a wood to see the birds building their nests, would add greatly to the children's sense of wonder and worship of God as creator and sustainer of life.

It would be of great value to place a renewed emphasis upon the responsibility of the children in working with God as he still works in the world to make it beautiful.

This might culminate in the making of flower gardens at home or at the church or in the launching of a new enterprise emphasizing beautiful ways of living.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

It is felt that this group feels now a deeper significance in the Easter season than that of Easter eggs and rabbits.

They have begun to associate the thought of new life in the springtime with that of the Easter message.

A STUDY ABOUT PRAYER

Two Sessions

A STUDY ABOUT PRAYER

SOMETIMES third-grade children have had interesting prayer experiences which they wish to discuss. Others have questions which puzzle them. While an abstract discussion of prayer may not be very helpful, it was felt that the interest of the children made this study of value. This study will in no sense take the place of incidental teaching. It is not final, it is merely supplementary in connection with other work. Many opportunities must be given for prayer experiences similar to the one described below.

SESSION I

A child had brought a lovely bouquet of roses. The children seemed to be in an especially worshipful mood so we had a brief discussion about them.

TEACHER: What do you think of when you see lovely flowers like this?

CHILD: They make me think of God because he made them.

CHILD: He must be good to make such lovely ones.

CHILD: We have some pansies and their faces look like people.

TEACHER: The wonderful part to me is that all of their faces are different, just as people's faces are.

CHILD: It makes me feel like helping God because when people do things for me I like to do things for them.

CHILD: I like to thank him.

TEACHER: Would you like to thank him now?

Several children responded with prayers of gratitude.

"I pray every night and ask God to take care of me," said a child. The children seemed interested in this discussion so we continued to talk about it. We discussed the following points:

What else we pray about.

When we pray.

How God helps us when we pray.

The children came to the following conclusions:

1. We pray to ask God to help us to do right.
2. We must try hard ourselves to do right.
3. God will forgive us if we are really sorry and try to do better next time.
4. It is a good thing to have regular times for prayer, at meal times and in the morning or at night.
5. It is a good thing to have the habit of saying "thank you" whenever we are especially happy, and to ask God for help whenever we need it.
6. God takes care of us when we pray by making us think. He helps us to get across the street because we can think and watch when to go.

When the children mentioned saying "thank you" whenever we were happy we sang "When I Am Happiest" (No. 1) in *Song and Play for Children*.

After talking about God taking care of us the story "The Lost Children," p. 183, was told.

Several children repeated table prayers which they say at home. As they did not know what the prayers meant we talked a little about each one. It seemed possible that a new prayer might be more meaningful so they learned a table prayer and a bedtime prayer.

We talked of the custom of one family, the members of which take turns in being responsible for the table prayer. We talked of the possibility of each person making his own table prayer each time in response to his own desires at the time.

We then made a prayer including different things the children felt like thanking God for that day.

They wished to work in their notebooks and suggested making a page entitled "When I Pray."

Each child made his own page as he chose. These are some of the statements taken from the various notebooks. Beside each statement they drew a picture to illustrate the thought.

I ask God to help me not to cheat in school. (Drawing of a child at a desk.)

I say "thank you" at the table. (Drawing of a child at the table.)

I say a prayer in the morning and at night. (Drawing of a child kneeling by his bed.)

SESSION 2

The children wished to complete the notebook work of the previous day so we opened the class in that way. The rest of the session was spent on further problems of prayer.

We discussed the following incidents:

Ruth did not like arithmetic and had gotten a low grade on her report card. "Did you tell your mother about your arithmetic grade, Ruth?" said Helen. "Oh, yes, Mother and Father and I talked a long time about it and then I talked to God and I feel lots better," said Ruth. "You talked to God about it? How funny," replied Helen. "I always talk to him about everything important to me," Ruth said.

"Why?" asked Helen. What do you suppose Ruth said? What do you suppose she said in her prayer?

Frank had broken a window but he had not told his mother about it. He was afraid she would punish him. So he prayed about it. What do you think he prayed?

Betty had studied hard on her spelling. But she was nervous and afraid she would not do well on the test. What might she pray about?

George and Henry were running a race. George's father had promised him a camping trip if he won the race. Near the end of the race George ran so close to Henry that he could have tripped him. No one would have seen. What could he have prayed about then?

Some children showed that they had thought of praying only for material benefits. These incidents helped them to discover the value of asking God to help us to do right and to help us in our thinking.

They studied pictures of children praying and made original stories about them. These stories showed how God helped children to make decisions to do right.

The children wished to know why God did not always say "yes" to their prayers. They decided that sometimes they did not try hard enough to make the prayer come true. At other times they asked for things which were not best for them. It was suggested that it is not a good thing to pray for something which may bring unhappiness to someone else.

We learned and sang the hymn, "The Lord Is Ever Near" (No. 6).

The story "Heidi's Prayer," p. 185, was told.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

This study might have led to a study of the church and its service. One group was interested in

discovering the reasons for building a church, facts of its ownership and the purpose of the elements of the service.

Visits to different churches to make a study of the windows and other symbols might be interesting if the explanation were simple.

The children might have enjoyed planning a worship service to be held in the church. This could be planned very much like the regular Sunday morning service. This might include a choir composed of five or six of the best singers, a call to worship, the repetition of a passage of Scripture by all, or the reading of an appropriate verse by the leader, the singing of hymns, the offering, and a short sermon or story. If the pastor is able to prepare a sermon which the children would understand, it might be well to ask him to conduct the service.

If the children should desire to invite their parents to this service two boys may act as ushers. They may collect the offering.

This study might lead to a discussion of the best ways of spending the Sabbath day. This in turn might lead to a renewed interest in Sunday-school attendance.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHER

It was felt that these children were helped to think a little more intelligently about prayer. In some cases habits of prayer are being changed from praying for material benefits to praying for strength and courage to do the right. Other children are beginning to form the habit of expressing gratitude for things which have given them happiness.

HELPING GOD MAKE OUR
HOMES HAPPY

Six Sessions

HELPING GOD MAKE OUR HOMES HAPPY

THIRD-GRADE children are often careless in showing appreciation for the work and love of their parents. Since a happy home must involve the coöperative efforts of each member it was believed that a coöperative enterprise in our school in the interest of the home would be of value to the home.

SESSION I

This session was planned to develop an appreciation for the home and a purpose in making some contribution to it.

As we were talking together one morning a boy revealed a rather marked lack of appreciation of his mother. A girl spoke of her mother as being cross whenever she made any noise. This seemed to be the opportune moment to help these children to an appreciation of their homes.

The following questions were asked in the discussion:

TEACHER: What is it that we have been trying to discover in all of our study? Yes, beautiful ways of living. There are always some things that are not beautiful. M—— and L—— have mentioned some. Perhaps we can find the reason and discover some beautiful things too.

Why do you suppose noise makes your mother cross?

What do you suppose happened to make her tired and nervous?

Shall we list on the board some of the things Mother has to do in a day?

How long do you think it takes to make a pie?

How long to sweep and dust a room?

Other children began telling their own experiences illustrating the work their mothers did for them. The father's responsibility in the home was brought out by a child who said, "We have five children in our home and it costs a lot of money to buy things for everybody."

They reflected upon their own effort or lack of effort in assuming responsibility for the happiness of the home.

The story "What Bradley Owed," p. 188, was told.

To the question, Why was what Bradley did better than asking Mother for pay?, a child responded, "Because what he does can't compare with what his mother does."

Then came the question, Why do you think your mother and father are willing to do so many things for you?

We developed the idea that happiness in our homes comes when people are working with God to make a happy one.

The song, "We Thank Thee for Our Happy Homes," p. 203, was sung. Before singing the teacher said, "I know a song that tells two things that one person felt like doing. If you listen while I sing it, perhaps you can tell what they are."

A child had brought a paper with the verse I John

MAKING OUR HOMES HAPPY



Illustration by Edith Cunnings.

3:18 printed upon it. We considered its meaning and tried to think of illustrations. To illustrate its meaning the poem "I Love You, Mother," p. 201, was told and dramatized.

"Do you think you could show your love in your home?" was asked.

"I'm going to make beds for my mother," said one.

"I'm going to surprise her," said another.

We talked for a moment about planning a surprise that would make Mother or Father happy, the children departing with plans for a busy afternoon in their homes.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Making plans for ways of saving the mother work and for saving money in the home would have been valuable.

One group enjoyed making drawings of children planning surprises for parents. Below the drawing a sentence was written to show the purpose of the child in his activity.

Another group illustrated, "I Love You, Mother."

A poster to add to the set already begun might have a sentence "Seeking the Beautiful in Our Homes" or "Helping God Make Our Homes Happy." Below the sentence a drawing or paper cutting might illustrate helpfulness or obedience in the home.

SESSION 2

We planned to consider some of the actual situations that make a home happy or unhappy and to help the children decide upon their part in it.

The children were eager to tell instances in which they had made Mother happy by surprising her. Some

had made beds while their mothers were washing dishes. One took the clothes from the line while his mother was getting the supper ready. Another had dusted and tidied the living room. Real joy was reflected in their faces as they recalled their mothers' surprise and gladness.

A child who had just had a birthday told of the birthday cake his mother had made for him, and of the gifts from his father and mother. Here was another opportunity to help the children to discover why their parents planned to make them happy.

We then mentioned other ways of living to make our homes happy.

Obey—do what she tells you when she isn't looking. Be cheerful when something happens you don't like. Make something to make them beautiful.

We considered the question of obedience in the home. Why should we obey?

Because Mother is not happy if we don't.

It makes her worry.

If Mother is making cake and she says to take care of the baby and you don't the baby may get hurt.

Or the cake may get burned.

You might get a spanking.

It was necessary to help them to see that the last response was not a very good reason for obeying and to help them to feel that by obeying he was doing his part to make his home happy. This was done by questions.

They were asked to give incidents in which their mothers had told them to do something and they had found that their mothers knew best.

The story "The Disobedient Dicky Bird," p. 190, was told. They enjoyed playing a new version of "Simon Says." In playing, the leader says, "Mother

says, 'Put your hands on your nose.'" Sometimes the leader says, "Put your hands on your nose." The children must not respond unless the direction is preceded by the words "Mother says."

The verse Col. 3:20 was read and the children were asked why Paul felt that obedience was pleasing to God.

Someone suggested that God helps us to be obedient. We closed with sentence prayers asking God to help us to be obedient. We sang "Help Us, Lord," p. 202.

They left the church saying that they would watch again for a chance to make their homes happy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Planning incidents and dramatizing to illustrate the value of obedience help to remind the children of their purpose of living in a beautiful way at home.

Some mothers have helped their children to form good habits in the home by keeping a record of times they have succeeded in being helpful or obedient.

One group illustrated the story "The Disobedient Dicky Bird." They cut a bird cage and pasted it in the notebooks. On the ground they drew a bird eating sand. Below they wrote sentences similar to this, "This is Dicky Bird eating sand. He learned that his mother knows best."

With another group it might have been important to have discussed other problems. If it is possible, the teacher or an assistant might visit the homes and discover many facts about the child and his home relations which would enable the teacher to minister to his needs more efficiently. It is important to know the child's religious background, his financial and

social status, the attitude of parent and child toward one another, methods of discipline, and his individual characteristics.

SESSION 3

The teacher planned to help the children find a concrete way of expressing love for their mothers. They knew that the school was planning a closing program for parents. They chose to develop a part of the school program and worked it out at this session.

"Let's make something for our mothers," said one child.

"Let's have a program," was another suggestion offered at the opening of the session.

Some older children were making vases which had been greatly admired by our group. "Let us make vases, too," said one. "One would look nice on my daddy's desk." This suggestion was greeted with enthusiasm by the others. They set to work at once cutting inch squares of colored paper; from the inch squares they made triangles. They promised to bring olive bottles for the vases for the next day's work.

They began to plan the program for the parents. They thought over the work we had done together and finally decided upon a worship service to be followed by the dramatization which had been worked out in the study of Jesus' life. They were guided in their thinking by such questions as:

What have we really been trying to discover as we have worked together?

What do you think will best help your mothers and fathers to know what we have found out?

The story "The Do as I Please House," found in

The Pilgrim Elementary Teacher for June, 1929, was greatly enjoyed by the children.

The song "We Thank Thee for Our Happy Homes," p. 203, was sung.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

Planning games for smaller brothers and sisters would be an interesting way of making the home happier.

Other children have invited their mothers to visit a regular session of the church school. This has helped the mothers and teachers to be able to coöperate more intelligently with one another.

Planning a party, writing invitations, and serving refreshments to the parents would have given pleasure to parents and children. It would afford excellent opportunity for a coöperative experience in giving enjoyment to others.

SESSION 4

In this session it was planned to complete the gifts and work on the program, but the children decided also to have an exhibit and began work on it.

The children arrived with the bottles and were eager to begin work at once. They pasted the triangles, which had been previously cut, about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch apart. Some guidance was necessary to insure a fair degree of uniformity in placing the triangles and in the assortment of colors. They were reminded of their purpose in making the vases and of the value of making them beautiful.

After the vases had been well started we left them and began work on the dramatization.

After the first trial the children offered criticisms and suggestions.

I think it would be better if Margaret would sit here, because she's so important and people could see her better.

I think we are too slow.

We wait too long.

Somebody ought to tell about Jesus' healing.

I don't think they could hear Benjamin say that.

I think the poem should come before Genevieve's story.

We ought to act more interested.

After each rehearsal they became more exacting in their demands as they began to realize the need for doing it well. Different statements were made each time, sometimes by one child, sometimes by another.

"Let's put up everything we have made," someone suggested. A search was made for exhibit material and the decision rendered by the group that the Palestinian village, the Japanese scene, the clay modeling, the vases and the notebooks would show very well the work which had been accomplished.

Since we had no sand box, two or three children offered to bring wooden boxes and sacks of sand from home.

SESSION 5

The business of working together in preparation for the program gave opportunities for learning the best ways of living together at school and at home.

A boy had secured a neatly made square wooden box which he had painted with ivory paint. Another boy had brought a sack of sand. They were greeted by a group of children, who began to arrange the Palestinian objects in the box.

By this time another child came with a rather disreputable-looking wooden box. I don't believe that will hold sand," said one. "Let's fix it, so it will." In a twinkling a child had gone to the janitor and returned with a hammer and nails. For a few moments there was a very busy and noisy spot in one corner of the room. The others seemed not to mind, however, for they were busily at work upon the rest of the exhibit. After the box was completed to their satisfaction the Japanese articles were placed within. A few of the houses and some of the dolls which had been brought by a child were selected. A tiny bridge was constructed. Some cherry blossoms which had been made by a child at home were added and the village was complete. These had been made by tying pink crêpe paper to some twigs.

As they gathered about the boxes to reflect upon the work it was evident that the box which had been used for the Palestinian objects was better than the other.

The need for doing things on time was seen. Had the box been brought sooner it would have been easy to substitute another. "I'll get another this noon," offered a child. A last-minute substitute could be made but it was evident that some worry and confusion had been caused.

"I wonder how your mother feels when she asks you to do something and she is not sure she can trust you to do it unless she is watching," said the teacher.

This opened a discussion of the second item on our list of beautiful ways of living at home.

Incidents were told by the children illustrating the worry of the mother, the effect upon the child, and the unhappiness in their homes.

"It isn't helping God to make your mother worry," was a suggestion which was emphasized.

The story "The Plate of Pancakes," in *The Story Teller*, by Maud Lindsay, was told and dramatized.

This dramatization is simple enough for a spontaneous production by the children.

SUGGESTIONS FOR OTHER ACTIVITIES

The value of making a promise thoughtfully and keeping it would have been an important thing to have considered at this time.

SESSION 6

The enterprise of learning to live beautifully in the home was rounded out and the work on the program completed.

Those children who had not completed their vases came early and finished them.

The children had been watching for chances to show how they could help at home by being cheerful when it was hard.

Several amusing incidents were recounted.

They completed the following incidents as they thought would best illustrate living happily together.

Harold pulled his chair up to the table and looked at the dinner. It did not please. He was tired of mashed potatoes. He hated spinach and Mother knew it. Nothing on the table looked good. He pouted until his mouth was so puckered that he couldn't eat a bite. "Well, Harold, you don't look very cheerful," laughed his father. Harold felt crosser than ever. "Why should I be cheerful with nothing good to eat?" he cried. But just then he saw——

The children in the Hall family were very much

excited about the picnic their mother had promised them. Mother had just finished packing the lunch basket. Just then the telephone rang and Mother hurried to answer it. "Children, I am so sorry," said Mother in a moment. "Aunt Florence is very ill and there is no one but me to take care of her. I must go at once."

"Do we have to give up the picnic?" wailed the boys. Ruth was still for a moment, then she said: "No."

They enjoyed the poem, "Jolly Polly," p. 202.

The story "The Little Maid Hildegard," in *The Story Teller*, by Maud Lindsay, was told.

We practised the dramatization for the program and planned the worship service.

Until this morning the replies had been very spontaneous, sometimes one child speaking and sometimes another. The writer believes that when a public program is given it must be well done. So during the final rehearsals it was decided which child should speak at a certain point. This decision was reached by such questions as these:

What shall we say after Moto speaks?

Who will say that?

What shall we say then?

Who will say that?

THE PROGRAM AS GIVEN

The group was seated in a semicircle on the platform. A boy arose and said: "In the third grade we have been looking for beautiful things in God's world. We have planned a service to help everyone to be thankful. We have a song that tells about God's beautiful world."

Song by group: "All Things Bright and Beautiful."

BOY: Some of us would like to thank God for things that make us happy.

Five children responded with original prayers.

During the rehearsal the children prayed spontaneously. They decided to pray the same prayers in the evening. This would perhaps have been unwise with a more self-conscious group, though these children seemed to enter into the spirit of the service very worshipfully.

In announcing the dramatization a child arose and said: "We are pretending that Margaret is a Japanese girl. She doesn't know anything about Jesus and we are going to tell her."

A child in the circle stood with the picture of Jesus and a child entered dressed in Japanese costume.

CHILD: Hello, Moto! Come in.

MOTO: Hello, what are you doing?

CHILD: We are studying about Jesus.

MOTO: Who is he? I never heard of him.

CHILD: He is our friend.

MOTO: What does that mean?

CHILD: A friend is one who loves and helps us.

CHILD: I know a story about Jesus that might help you. ["Jesus Teaching a Beautiful Way to Live," p. 167.]

MOTO: Does that mean that if someone hits me on the playground I must love him just the same?

CHILD: I think it does.

CHILD: I, too, know a story about Jesus. ["Jesus Teaching About God's Care," p. 166.]

CHILD: Jesus went about helping everyone. He healed the lame and the blind and he preached.

CHILD: Would you like to hear a poem about Jesus?

MOTO: Yes, I would.

Group recited: "Far Away in Old Judea," p. 199.

CHILD: I will tell you another story about Jesus.

["Jesus Showing God's Love for All Nations,"
p. 163.]

MOTO: Does that mean that God loves me as much
as he does you?

CHILD: Yes.

CHILD: We can sing a song about Jesus. ["Tell Me
the Stories of Jesus."]

CHILD: Jesus didn't have to keep on teaching when
he knew he would be killed, nor he didn't need to
stand all day in the hot sun and preach to the
people. He could have gone home and rested. He
did it because he loved them and wanted them to
be happy.

CHILD: And Jesus is helping us now too.

MOTO: How do you mean?

CHILD: His spirit went on living. His spirit helps us.

MOTO: I see. Well, I have had such a good time this
morning, but I think I'll have to go now.

CHILD: We must all go. Come again, Moto.

MOTO: Yes, I will.

OUTCOMES AS OBSERVED BY THE TEACHERSM

It was felt that some of the children who had least
appreciated their mothers had found many instances
of their love and care.

The children seemed to have gained in their
ability to reflect upon their own activities.

It was felt that to a greater extent than it has been
possible to show the children were able to carry out

the purpose of the enterprise, in making their homes beautiful.

Development in individual children has been felt.

The boy who early in our work together was mentioned as "the boy who whispers" has succeeded in establishing a new reputation for himself. He has also so caught the spirit of coöperation that he has many times helped other children to learn to work in the best way.

While some children were eager at once to make vases to make their homes more beautiful, it is felt that one child's purpose was just to be making a pretty vase. As the days went on he, too, caught the spirit of the others and was happy in giving it to his mother.

A boy who at first assumed no responsibility in our class work was the one who secured and painted the box for the sand. It was he who at the last moment brought the sand for the boxes. Very softly he said to himself as he put the sand in the box, "I'm glad I brought it, or we wouldn't have had any." We believe that the joy he experienced as a coöperative member of the group will lead to further efforts to be of service.

A girl who has helped a great deal in our class discussion was so timid that she hesitated to take part in our program. "Whenever I do anything before people I am afraid. I don't believe I'd better do anything," she said. She finally decided to say one sentence. It was evident that it was quite an effort. But when her teacher said, "You helped us by saying one sentence this time. Next time you'll be able to do more," she smiled happily and seemed encouraged to try again.

STORIES

STORIES

TO WHOM SHALL WE GIVE THANKS?¹

TOMMY walked down the path toward the big road. At the gate, he turned again to wave good-bye to Mother. He felt very proud and happy that she was sending him alone on an errand all the way from the farmhouse to the store in town. It was a long, long walk for two little legs, but if he rested now and then, he was sure he could do it.

"Good-bye, Mother," he called. "I'll be here before sun-down."

"Good-bye, Tommy," she called back, smiling. "Be sure to say a thank-you to anyone who is kind to you," for she knew how easy it was for Tommy to forget and hurry on.

So Tommy went through the gate and down the wide dusty road. On and on he walked with his hands in his pockets and his lips whistling a merry tune. The sun grew warmer and warmer on his back. Dust blew up in little clouds so that his mouth was too dry for whistling. At last he stopped under a tree by the road. "I will rest a little," he thought.

No sooner had he sat down on the grass than he wished for a drink of cold, clear water. It seemed to him he could go no farther without it. He looked all around. Not far away was the pump of the school-house yard. Laughing, he ran to it, pumped the

¹Adapted by Blanche Carrier from a poem by Mrs. Levi Wade and published by permission of Lothrop, Lee & Shephard.

handle up and down, up and down, and filled his hands with cool water. He took long drinks of the water, until he felt rested and strong again. He washed the dust from his face. Oh, he was so glad for the water.

When he was about to start on his journey, he thought, "The pump was good to me. I must thank him." So he took off his cap and made a bow and said, "I thank you, Mr. Pump, for the nice drink you've given me."

Much to his surprise, he heard the pump reply, "You're very welcome, little boy, but I'm not the one to thank, I only help the water run."

Tommy bowed again, "O nice cold Water, please accept my thanks. You have been very kind to me."

A little voice came up from far below the ground. "Don't thank me, little boy. I came from the Spring up on the hill. The Spring sends down streams of water to all the plants and animals and fills the wells for folks like you."

The boy had never thought of this. He turned toward the hillside, not far away. He saw the little stream running down over the rocks. He bowed again, "O thank you, Spring," he said. But the voice of the Spring came out like notes of music. "Don't thank me. What would I be without the summer rain and the dew that fall on this hillside and flow into this bed of rocks?"

Now the boy knew whom he should thank. He turned his face toward the sky. "I thank you, Rain and Dew, for coming down on the hillside and giving water for me to drink when I am hot and thirsty."

The summer breeze brought back to Tommy a gentle voice: "Oh, don't thank us," it said. "We could not work without the sun to draw us up and

work with us." Tommy was very much surprised that the sun had anything to do with his drink, but he looked at the shining sun and said, "Then, Mr. Sun, I give you ten thousand thanks for all that you have done for me," and thought to himself, "Now, surely, my thanks are done."

The sun seemed to shine more warmly as he replied, "My little friend, you mustn't thank me. I draw all the water from the great ocean. He holds it all for me to gather and send down to you."

Tommy had been to the ocean. He remembered the great waves that dashed up on the shore. What a long way for his drink to come. He turned laughingly toward the ocean. "Oh, thanks, Ocean, for helping me with my drink."

The roar of the waves came back, "Not to me do you give thanks, my boy, but to him who made me and the place where my waters lie, who made the sun and the rain, who made the world so that all the things you need are here for you. To God, your great Father, your thanks must go."

Tommy was very still for a moment. Then he bowed his head and said softly, "O God, thou art the Giver of every good gift. I thank thee for this water and all good things." Then as he hurried down the road, he sang again a song of thanks to the Father who cares for us all.

GOD'S WONDERFUL WORLD¹

LONG, long ago little boy Jack and little sister Janet wandered into the hills away from their home. They had started to gather flowers in a wood just a little way down the street. But the very loveliest blossoms

¹Amy Clowes.

were always just ahead of them. So they had gone farther and farther until at last they knew that they were lost. They ran very fast for a while and finally reached the farthest edge of the wood.

The hills with the beautiful green grass looked very lovely to them. The sun was hidden behind a fleecy white cloud. It was very cool and comfortable and they were very tired. So little boy Jack and little sister Janet threw themselves on the velvety carpet the green grass made for them. They lay very still for awhile watching the fleecy clouds floating about in the sky. Down below they could hear the tinkling of a little brook as the water rippled and bubbled over the stones. All about them they could hear the singing of the birds as they flitted to and fro. One big mother bird was feeding her babies a big fat worm. Now and again the squirrels and the chipmunks could be heard as they chattered together about the nests they were building.

Suddenly little sister Janet spoke. "I don't see how the clouds stay up in the sky." "Oh, God is making them," said little boy Jack wisely. He said, "For ever and ever so long God has been creating our wonderful world. We can see how he is working in the earth and in the sea. He even helps the little fishes that swim in the water, the tiny squirrels and the great big lions and bears to grow."

"He made the birds, too," said little sister Janet. "The little red ones and the blue ones. He must have been very wonderful to have made anything like that."

"He is now," said little boy Jack. "He is still working in the world. He teaches the mother birds to take care of their babies."

"And the mothers and fathers to take care of their

little children, too," said little sister Janet wistfully. "I want to see my mother."

"I expect she wants to see us, too," said little boy Jack soberly. "She probably is looking for us now."

"She probably has that worried look on her face again," said Janet.

"And God knows all about that, too, I s'pose," she said, wonderingly.

"Yes, and he's sorry, too. For I think he likes everybody to be happy," said little boy Jack.

"Oo Hoo! Oo Hoo!"

Suddenly little boy Jack and little sister Janet looked around. Faintly across the hills they could hear someone calling.

"Oo hoo! Jack. Oo hoo! Janet."

"Oh, it's Father!" little boy Jack called excitedly. In an instant little boy Jack and little sister Janet were in their father's arms. They were very glad when they were safe at home again. But they never forgot their afternoon in the hills.

GOD'S GREAT GIFT¹

BILLY had just had his eighth birthday and was as happy and full of fun as any boy could be. There was one queer thing about him, Billy had a "sweet tooth." Very often his sweet tooth would say to him, "Billy, there is some candy in a dish on the table. It is very good." Mother would say, "Now, Billy, we will eat one piece after lunch, and another after dinner, and save the rest until to-morrow." But the sad thing was that sometimes Billy obeyed his sweet tooth instead of obeying his mother.

One day he went into the dining room and there on

¹Amy Clowes and Blanche Carrier.

the table was a bowl full of his favorite chocolate candy. Billy saw it and it smelled so good. Then he tasted it, and it was even better than usual. So he ate one piece, two pieces, three pieces, and finally six pieces. Just then some boys called to him to come out and play in the yard. For a while they played, then Billy began to have a queer sick feeling in his stomach. It kept getting worse and worse until finally he could stand it no longer. He ran crying in to his mother. "Mother, I feel so sick," he sobbed. "It's too bad," said Mother, "but sick boys must go to bed." So in the middle of that beautiful sunny day Billy had to undress and lie in bed with the shades pulled down. For three days he was very sick. Mother took such good care of him. Every day she brought him a big bowl of milk toast. But that was all he could have. Billy's poor stomach was too sick for anything else.

One night Mother went up to his room to tell him a bedtime story. A blue bowl of yellow nasturtiums sat on a table near his bed. Billy was holding one in his hand and looking at it very closely. "Mother," he said, "see this little cup." "Yes," said Mother, "it doesn't have any mouth like you have, but God has given it this little cup to hold the rain so that the flower can get water enough to drink. God has given it some tiny little roots that carry food and water from the soft brown earth to the rest of the flowers." "Oh, Mother," said Billy, "a flower must be the most wonderful thing God ever made." "It is a very wonderful thing, Billy, but let me tell you about the most wonderful thing of all." Billy stretched himself happily and turned toward his mother. Mother's stories were always better than any stories he had ever heard.

Her voice was very soft and quiet as she said, "Once there was a tiny little baby named Billy. He was only about so long. His hands and feet were so little and not very much good to him. All day long he lay on his bed or in his mother's arms. His little arms waved in the air but Billy's hands were not strong enough even to hold the new rattle Father had given him. Billy could kick his little feet real fast, but they were so tiny that he could not use them to walk or run or play. But Mother knew just what to give him to eat, and Billy had some wonderful little blood vessels that carried this food around all over his body and made his bones and his muscles strong so he could run and play all day long without getting tired. God had given him, here in his body, a heart that worked all day for him without his having to tell it to. All day and all night it pumped the blood all over his body. Another lovely gift God gave baby Billy was two little eyes like cameras. They took pictures of everything they saw and put them away inside his head. Then whenever he wanted to, he could think of all the lovely things that had happened, his birthday parties and Christmas trees and everything, and the pictures would come back. But the most wonderful thing of all was the mind that God had given him. His mind helped him to think how to use his hands and feet. It decided what to put into his stomach and what to see with his eyes. If he uses his mind wisely he can help God and his mother to make Billy into a fine, strong man who can do good work in the world."

Just then Billy stopped his mother and said, "Oh, Mother, I never knew before what you meant when you said God was unhappy when I ate too much candy and made myself sick. Now I feel like

asking him to forgive me." So Mother stood close by Billy's side as he prayed, "Dear God, please forgive me for using my mind and my stomach in the wrong way. Next time help me to remember. Amen." And Billy turned quietly over and went to sleep.

THE DISCONTENTED SQUIRREL¹

ONCE upon a time there was a family of squirrels that lived in a nice warm hole in a tall tree. They would have been a very happy family if it had not been for one little squirrel that had a very bad temper. When they gathered together to have their supper he grabbed the biggest nuts and took more than his share. He pushed the others if there was no room, and bit and scratched them. At night he took the best place to sleep in the middle of the hole and crowded the little ones out on the edge where it was cold. Mother squirrel did all she could to correct him, but at last father squirrel said he could stand the quarreling no longer, so one morning he told little squirrel to follow him.

They ran down the trunk of the tree and over the dry leaves; and on and on they went until they came to a part of the wood that the little squirrel had never seen. It was all new and strange to him. Finally they came to quite a large hole, and father squirrel said, very sternly, "Go into this hole and stay here till you can be a good little squirrel." Little squirrel crept into it and heard his father scrambling down the tree trunk and pattering off over the dry leaves, and he felt very lonely for a moment. Then he began looking around the hole; he found a soft bed of leaves and a good pile of nuts and he thought, "it will be

¹By Ethel Cabot. Used by permission of Houghton Mifflin Company.

fun to have the place all to myself and do just as I please."

So he tried to play some games, but he found he couldn't play all alone. He went back to the hole and began to think his home and brothers and sisters better than he had realized. Then it began to grow dark and there were no nice little brothers and sisters to cuddle up to him and keep warm against, and no good mother to say "Good-night" to him. The night seemed very long. The next morning when he woke up it was raining and he felt very, very far away from his home. He sat looking out of the hole and thought of the nice things his brothers and sisters were doing: how they were scampering about together; and he thought he would like very much to go home. All the day it grew worse and worse. That night he said to himself that if only his father would come and take him back he would be a good squirrel, and he cried himself to sleep.

The next morning, as he was sitting very still, he thought he heard a pattering on the leaves that sounded like his father. Yes, he heard feet scrambling up the tree trunk and then—his father popped into the hole! Looking at the little squirrel he asked, "Can you be good now?" and the little squirrel was sure that he could. "Come home, then, with me," said the father.

They ran down the tree and over the dry leaves, and as they came to the part of the wood that the little squirrel knew, he was happier and happier. When they came to their hole, his mother kissed him and all the little brothers and sisters crowded about him and said how glad they were to have him at home again.

When supper-time came they wanted to give him

the best of everything, but he was careful to give the biggest nuts to his little sister; not to begin to eat till all the others had theirs; and to keep his elbows and knees tucked under him. When he cuddled down to sleep that night he was careful to give the little ones the best place and sleep on the outside himself. From that day on he was a great help to his mother and father, and never quarreled with his brothers and sisters; and he found himself happier than ever before.

ABRAHAM STOPPING A QUARREL¹

A LONG, long time ago, when men lived in brown tents instead of in houses, there were two men who pitched their tents together. One was a young man named Lot and the other was his uncle, Abraham.

Now each man had hundreds of cattle and hundreds of sheep. These cattle and sheep were watched and tended by servants, and the servants lived in other brown tents pitched near the tents of Abraham and Lot. So, when the two families lived near each other, their tents and their flocks covered all the land round about. But they were friends, so they liked to live together.

One day Abraham and Lot put on their sandals and took up their rods and went out to the fields to look at their cattle and sheep. When they came near, they saw that the servants of Abraham and the servants of Lot were quarreling. "What can be the trouble?" asked Abraham and Lot, and they hurried over to the place where the servants stood, talking angrily together.

"What has caused you to quarrel?" asked Abraham of his oldest servant.

¹Blanche Carrier.

"Oh, my master, we had just found a spot of good green grass for our sheep when Lot's servants came up with their sheep and started to pasture them there."

"Is there no other land for my sheep, that you quarrel over this one field?" said Lot to his oldest servant.

"No, my master," answered the servant. "Your uncle has so many cattle and sheep and you have so many cattle and sheep that they have eaten the grass of all the fields round about this place. We can find no other pastures."

Then Abraham and Lot said to each other, "Let us go aside and talk about this matter and decide what is best to do." So they went up on a little hill and looked over the land; and they saw that all the pastures round about had been used, so that there were no more fields of grass for their sheep.

Now Abraham loved Lot and he loved God, and he was a very unselfish man. So he said to Lot, "Let there be no quarrel between my servants and your servants, for we are relatives and friends. We must move to a better place, but let us decide that you shall go in one direction and I will go in another."

And Lot said, "Yes, uncle, we must move to new places where the pastures are fresh and green." Then Abraham said, "I want you to be happy, so you shall choose the place where you will go. Let us stand here and look over all the land as far as the eye can see. Then you may choose one place and go there, and I will turn and go in the other direction."

And they stood on the hill and looked at all the land as far as they could see. Now Lot loved Abraham but he was a selfish man. He liked always to have the best things for himself. And when he looked over the land, he saw that on one side there was a beautiful

river flowing through the land, and near the river were wide fields of fresh green grass. On the other side were rocky hills with only little tufts of grass growing here and there on the rocks, and tiny springs of water.

So Lot said, "I will choose this side where the wide fields are covered with grass and the river brings plenty of water. I shall pitch my tent there, and I shall always have enough grass for all my sheep."

Abraham looked at the beautiful green fields and then at the rocky hills. He remembered his love for Lot and he said, "It is well, take your flocks and your servants there, and I will move my tent and my flocks to the hills. God will take care of us both and give us all we need." And Abraham so loved to see people living peaceably and happily together that he was glad to give to Lot the fine new home which he had chosen.

QUARRELS¹

ON ONE of those rare warm days we sometimes have in April two boys were playing marbles. The name of one was George and the name of the other, Willie. The place where they were playing happened to be right near the house where George lived. George's mother was sitting by the open window. Presently, as the game went on, she heard George say: "Aw, you cheated." "I didn't, either," said Willie. "You did." "I didn't." "You did." "I didn't." "You did." By that time the game had stopped and it looked as though there would be a fight the next minute.

But just then the boys heard George's mother calling from the window: "Sing it, boys, sing it." And before they knew it this strange song came from the

¹Adapted by Hugh Hartshorne in *A Manual for Training in Worship*, from *Little Ten Minutes*, by F. T. Bayley, and used by permission of Dr. Hartshorne and of Fleming H. Revell Co.

house, "Oh, Willie, you cheated! Oh, Willie, you cheated! Sing it, boys," she said.

The boys had begun to smile by this time and to look rather sheepish. They couldn't very well fight now, so in half a minute the game was going again as though nothing had happened.

THE LITTLE GOLD COCK WHO COULD NOT LIE¹

GASPER could see the little gold cock from his home quite plainly. It was the weathercock on the top of the white church steeple. It moved as if it were alive, and when Gasper looked up at it and waved his hand and called, "Good morning, little gold cock, which way is the wind to-day?" as if it had understood him, the cock would whirl itself about and point the way that the wind was blowing. The little gold cock never crowed, like the cocks in the barnyard, but it knew a song that was all its own.

"The north wind blows north,
The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best.

"The east wind blows east,
The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best."

No one had ever heard the little gold cock sing its song. It had learned it, years before, and when it had been a very young weathercock it had been proud of its high place on the barn and had said, "I will not let the winds tell me which way to point. I will say to the people, 'The wind is north,' when it blows

¹From *Garden, Orchard and Meadow Stories*, Carolyn Sherwin Bailey. Published by A. Flanagan Company. Used by permission.

from the south, and I shall have a happy time telling whatever I want to tell, whether it is true or not." So one day he pointed north when a south wind was blowing. The farmers began cutting hay but soon a summer shower came up and they had to leave their hay on the ground to get wet. They looked with disappointment at the gold cock, but just at that moment the wind gave a great tug and he fell to the ground. The farmer picked him up and fastened him again on the barn, saying, "You see, you spoiled the day for us and for you by trying to tell your own story instead of the truth."

Ah, it was fine, the little gold weathercock found, to be as quick as the wind and tell which way it was blowing.

One day Gasper thought that he would like to fly his kite for a while before he went to school. It was a new kite, made in the shape of a bird with wide wings. It could fly, too, almost as high as a bird. Gasper unwound the string and ran along the street with the kite sailing so high above his head. Higher and higher went the kite, and farther and farther ran Gasper. Now the kite was almost as high as the little gold cock on the top of the steeple, but suddenly Gasper heard a bell. It was the last school bell. He was late. Gasper pulled in his kite.

"I will tell the teacher that I am late because I had to do an errand for my mother," he said.

But the wind, tugging at the kite, brought a message from the little gold cock down to Gasper.

"The north wind blows north,
The west wind blows west,
The south wind blows south,
Truth's best; truth's best."

said the weathercock. Gasper looked up at the little gold weathercock. It was pointing due north, for the wind was north.

"I must tell my teacher that I am late because I played too long," Gasper said.

He did, and his teacher said that it was wrong to be late, but fine to tell the truth about it.

The wind from some corner or other was out every day. One Saturday Gasper thought how pleasant it would be to sail a toy boat in the pond. When he went down to the pond, there was Hugo's toy boat tied to a bush at the edge of the pond.

It was the best boat in the village. It was large, and was painted green, and it had wide, white sails. Hugo was not there, but Gasper untied the boat. The wind filled the sails and the boat started across the pond. Gasper held the string in his hand, but the boat pulled so hard that at last he dropped the string. On and on and farther and farther sailed the boat to the other side of the pond where the water went down in a waterfall. Down, too, went Hugo's boat until it was out of sight.

"What shall I do?" Gasper said to himself. "I think I will tell Hugo that the string was loose and the boat sailed away by itself."

But just then the wind that had carried away the little boat brought Gasper a message from the gold cock.

"The east wind blows east,
The west wind blows west,
The north wind blows north,
Truth's best; truth's best."

was what the weathercock said.

Gasper looked up at the little gold cock. It was

pointing due east for the wind was blowing from the east.

"I must take all the money out of my bank," Gasper said, "and buy Hugo a new boat, just as large, and painted green, and with just as wide sails."

So he did, and Hugo said that they would play with it together.

The two little boys were sailing the boat one day when Hugo looked up at the little gold cock on the top of the church steeple.

"We have a little rooster that can talk," he said. "He tells us when it is time to get up in the morning."

"The rooster on the steeple can talk, too," Gasper said, proudly. "It tells which way the wind blows, and it always tells the truth."

THANKING GOD FOR A GREAT GIFT¹

LONG, long ago, when Jesus lived on the earth, there were a great many sick people. In those days there were no doctors who knew what caused the different kinds of disease and sickness, and so they had no medicines to give as we have now. Sometimes when people had a contagious disease and no one could do anything for them, they had to go away from their homes, and live in caves in the hills. Then if they got well again, they might go back to their families. One of the worst kinds of disease was leprosy, and when a man had this sickness, they called him a leper. Then no one was allowed to touch him, for fear he would catch the disease.

One day there were ten of these lepers together. They lived in the hills and walked about together to keep each other company. As they talked to one an-

¹Blanche Carrier.

other on this day, they thought about their homes, and wished they might see their families again.

"I am so sad to-day," said one of the men. "I wish I might see my wife and my little children again. I have such a dear baby boy."

"And I was just beginning to make enough money to keep my family comfortable," said another, "I wish I might go back to my little shop."

"Is there nothing that can make us well again?" asked another. "Has anyone ever been able to heal people like us?"

"There is nothing to do for it," said another sadly. "There is only one hope for us."

"What is that?" they all cried in chorus.

"There is a teacher going about the country whose name is Jesus. He says that he is from God and that God loves his people so much that he does not want them to suffer or be unhappy. He is teaching people how to live to be happy. But he has a strange power which comes—he says, from God, and when he sees people, he knows how to help them."

"Can he heal even us?" they asked in amazement.

"It is said that he can help anything," replied the man. "But he may never come this way, and we cannot go to the city and search for him. The only thing we can do is to wait and watch for him."

The men were filled with a great hope. Day after day they sat near the road, watching for Jesus. Often there were bands of travelers going toward the city of Jerusalem, but Jesus was not with them. At last one day there came a group of men who talked eagerly as they walked. All of them looked at one man whose face was very strong and loving as he talked with them. They knew at once that it was Jesus.

They arose to their feet. They could not go to him, but they called out loudly, "Oh, Jesus, have mercy upon us. Master, help us in our trouble." And when he saw them he stopped and told them how they might get well. He said to them, "Go and show yourselves to the priest in the temple, and if he finds you well you may go back to your homes."

When they reached the temple the priest told them they might all go home. How very happy they were.

"I shall go at once to my family," said one. "I must run quickly," said another, "for I want to see my little shop again." And so they hurried on. But one said, "Don't you think we ought to go back and thank the teacher Jesus? Wouldn't God be glad to have us show how thankful we are?"

But the others only said, "Oh, no, we cannot stop now. We must hurry back to our homes. He will surely know that we are glad without our going back to tell him."

The man said nothing more, but he turned away from the nine, and walked back toward the place where he had seen Jesus. It was a long walk before he came to the group of travelers, with Jesus among them, but when he saw them, he ran swiftly to the great teacher from God, and knelt at his feet. "I give thee thanks, O teacher," he said, "and I thank the God who sent thee. For thou hast restored me again to my family, and I am most grateful."

And when he looked up at the face of Jesus and saw the loving smile, he was glad he had come. "It makes me glad to have you come," said Jesus. "Where are the other nine? Surely the heart of my Father God is sad to have nine of his children forget to thank him but is glad to have one man grateful for his love and care."

A THANKFUL HEART¹

LITTLE Penelope Carter was not happy. As she stood by the window in the big farm house, looking out at the cold rain, the tears ran down her cheeks. Penelope was a little girl who lived three hundred years ago when only a few white people were in this country. She had often heard her grandmother tell of the long, hard days on the ship that brought them from England. Her own grandfather and grandmother had built this house in which she lived, and started the farm, and had helped to build the church that she could see on the hilltop far away.

Penelope was sure she had a good reason for feeling cross to-day. She had grown so tired of working on her sewing and of tracing letters in her copy book. Mother had promised that to-day she might go to visit her nearest little neighbor, Patience, who lived five miles away. It had been so long since she had played with other children that she could scarcely wait for this day to come. But now it was raining too hard for her big grown-up brother to take her, and her father had gone off on the horse to get the mail at the village.

Her mother came into the room, warmed her hands at the cheery fire and said, "Come, Penelope, don't fret. Let us have some fun of our own. We can cut some animals out of paper and make them walk across the floor."

Penelope only scowled and said nothing. She could not forget what she had planned to play with Patience.

"Next week is Thanksgiving, you know," reminded her mother. "We must not forget to be thankful for what we have."

¹Blanche Carrier.

The little girl turned and stamped her foot angrily. "I'm not thankful!" she cried. "I don't have hardly any good times and now the horrid old rain has kept me from this one. I'm not going to be thankful."

"Why, Penelope," exclaimed the mother. "You do not know what a dreadful thing you are saying. You must think of all our corn and pumpkins in the barn for winter, of our warm house and of the love we have for each other."

She looked at the little girl for a moment, but when the cross look did not go away from her face, the mother said, "You must sit down quietly by yourself in this chair and think until you feel better."

Penelope sat down, her lips still pouting, and Mother went on with her work. The little girl only thought more and more about how horrid it was that she could not go on the visit. Her rag doll sat cheerfully in one corner as if she tried to make her mistress smile, but the little face was still angry. It seemed a long time until her father came with the mail, and soon the family were sitting together listening while Father read the long letter which had just come from their preacher.

Penelope knew that the preacher traveled about on horseback, going many, many miles every month. Now she listened as he told them about the place where he was visiting and preaching. He told them about a little girl just Penelope's age, who lived with her father, mother, and sister in a little log house far out in the hills. Their house was not warm, for there were cracks between the logs, and often at night the children were very cold, for there were not enough covers for the beds. The little girl had nothing to play with except corn-cob dolls which she made herself from the cobs in the barn, and wrapped

them with paper or cloth. She was, the preacher said, one of the happiest little girls he had ever seen, and just now she was planning to make funny little animals of potatoes to put on their Thanksgiving table. He was afraid they would have no special dinner, for there was no store anywhere near and they could use only the few things they had raised on the farm. He was planning to make up a box for them when he came back, and send it to them before Christmas.

When the letter was finished, Penelope ran to her mother. She had forgotten all about herself, so her face was smiling and her eyes were bright as stars.

"Oh, Mother," she cried, "let me fix up a box for the little girl. You and I could finish the quilt-blocks I have been making into a nice warm quilt stuffed with wool. You could make a nice rag doll for her like mine and I shall make a dress for the doll and perhaps a hood and a shawl. Hurry, let us make it right away so she may have the box for Thanksgiving."

The mother smiled into the little girl's face. "So you are going to be thankful for what you have, aren't you?"

"Yes," cried Penelope. "And very thankful that I can share with the other little girl."

PHILIP AND HIS TOOLS¹

Philip had just passed his eighth birthday. The most wonderful thing about it was that his gift from Father and Mother was the one thing he wanted most of all in the world. It was a set of tools, and Philip loved to work with tools. Already he had made a doll chair for his little sister Ruth and planned on ever so many other things he would make.

¹Blanche Carrier.

One morning in November, as Philip and Ruth were eating breakfast, Mother said to them, "This is Thanksgiving week," and on Wednesday all the ladies of our church are going to the Community House to cook a Thanksgiving dinner for all the folks who live there. So many fathers in that end of the city have no work since the big factory burned down that we want to help them have a happy Thanksgiving."

"Oh, Mother," cried little sister Ruth, "may I go with you and play with the little girls?"

"Yes," Mother replied, "you may take your dolls if you like, and let them play with them. They have no dolls like yours. Perhaps Philip will want to share something of his with the boys."

Philip said nothing. At that moment he could think of nothing he owned except his new tools, and he certainly would not let other boys use them and get the bright, sharp edges all dull. Philip and Ruth did not have a great many toys, and each one meant a great deal to them.

The mother smiled. "Think it over, Philip. We have a great deal to be thankful for, and one way of showing it is by sharing with others."

Philip did think a great deal about it before the next afternoon, but the more he thought about it, the more he was sure he could not let the other boys use his tools. He made a little prayer about it, but that did not help him to decide, for in his prayer he said, "O God, I am thankful for all that you have given me, and especially for the tools. Help me to think of some way to make the boys happy, but not by using my tools, for then they would not be good for me to use."

When Mother and Ruth were ready to start the next day, Philip came with his coat and hat. Ruth

had her biggest doll in her doll carriage. "Are you taking anything to play with?" said Mother to Philip. "No," said Philip, "we can play games outdoors."

The boys did play games outdoors and had such a good time. Late in the afternoon there was a movie in the Community House and all the children were invited. Philip sat next to Tony, a little boy with very bright, black eyes. While they waited for the movie to begin, the boys talked.

"I feel sorry for my little sister, since our house burned. All her toys are gone, and we can't buy any more," said Tony. "I'd make her some, but I can't get any tools to work with."

"I have a set, and I'm making some doll chairs for my little sister," said Philip proudly. "When I get them done, I'm going to make a doll bed."

"That's fine," agreed Tony. "There's a man who gave us some cigar boxes, and my daddy loaned me his knife, and he's going to show me how to make some toys. But if I had a hammer and saw, I could make a lot."

Just then the movie began, and it was all about children's toys. First there were pictures of forests and then hundreds of trees were being cut down and sawed into lumber. Then there was the factory where the lumber was made into all sorts of toys, blocks for babies, tops and wagons and tools for boys, and dolls' furniture for girls. The picture showed an old man who worked in the factory. At the end he came and stood before a great pile of toys. They were heaped and piled in boxes until they covered a whole room. The old man looked at them all lovingly and said, "God made the trees from which you were made. He worked with me while I made you into toys. But

now he wants every boy and girl to have something to play with. I cannot go with you any further, but I am going to pray a little prayer for you." Then the old man bowed his head and prayed and said, "God, our Father, it is your plan that everyone shall have some of these lovely things. I have done my share of the work. Help the people who buy and sell these toys, that they may go to all the homes and make all the children happy."

When the picture was over, Tony turned to Philip. "I was selfish," he said. "My friend did not have any good knife like my daddy's to make toys for their sisters, and I wouldn't lend them mine for fear they would hurt it. Now I'm going to ask them to come to my house and we can take turns with the knife."

"No," said Philip, smiling, "bring them all to my house, and use my tools."

"Oh, that would be great," cried Tony. "We will be so careful of them. Aren't you afraid to let us use them?"

"No," answered Philip, as he rose to go. "I can see that God has no way to get all his gifts passed around except to have us help him by sharing them with each other. You must come to-morrow."

And he went home with a happy heart.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS¹

A LONG, long time ago there lived two people. Their names were Mary and Joseph. They were going on a long journey from their home to a little town called Bethlehem to write their names in the king's book

¹Adapted from memory as the story was told to kindergarten children.
—Blanche Carrier.

and pay him some money. Mary rode on a donkey and Joseph walked by her side to guide the donkey over the rough places.

After they had traveled for a long time, they came one evening to Bethlehem. The streets were crowded, for a great many people had to come here to pay their taxes. Joseph stopped the donkey in front of a tall house called the inn.

"May we stay here all night?" he asked the keeper.

"I am sorry, but there is no room," the keeper said.

"But we have come such a long way and Mary is so tired," said Joseph. "Can you tell us of any place to go?"

The keeper looked at the sweet, tired face of Mary and said, "Every place in the city is full, but you may find room to sleep in the stable." So Joseph and Mary went to the low stable back of the inn. There they could sleep on the sweet hay that covered the floor.

That night the most wonderful thing that ever happened in the world came to pass, for a little baby came to live with Mary. Mary took him and wrapped him round and round with a long white cloth—swaddling clothes, they called them, and because there was no bed she laid him in a manger of the soft hay. And she named him Jesus.

On that same night there were some shepherds in the fields near Bethlehem. They were lying on the ground, keeping watch over their sheep. And suddenly in the night, a great light shone in the sky. It was so bright that the shepherds were afraid and bowed their heads to the ground. But they heard a voice saying:

"Do not be afraid, for behold, I bring you good news. For there is born this day in the city of Bethle-

hem a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this is the way you shall know him—you shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.” Then the sky was filled with angels singing the most beautiful song that has ever been heard, “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will among men.”

When the angels were gone, the shepherds said to each other, “Let us go to Bethlehem and find this baby whom God has sent.” So each one fastened his robe around him and took his staff and together they went into the little town. They searched here and there until they found him. There, with Mary and Joseph, was the tiny baby wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger, just as the angel had said.

When they saw him, they were so happy that they said nothing, but quietly knelt down by the manger and worshiped him. They had no gifts to give him, but they brought him their love and worship. And when they had thanked God for this wonderful gift, they went back through the town to their fields and sheep.

But now they were happier than they had ever been before as they thought of the baby Jesus, the greatest gift of God to his people.

THE VISIT OF THE WISE MEN¹

IN THE days when the baby Jesus was born in Bethlehem, as you have heard, when the angels sang to the shepherds, and the shepherds left their flocks and found the baby, there were in another country some very wise men who studied the stars. Whenever they looked at the sky at night, with the beautiful golden

¹Blanche Carrier.

stars shining, they thought it told them a story of things that were going to happen.

One night when the wise men were looking at the stars, they saw a beautiful, bright new star they had never seen before. "It is so bright," they said to one another, "it must mean that a new king is coming to the earth in some country to the west." Night after night they looked at the star, until at last one of them said, "Let us go to the country toward which the new star points, and worship the new king who has come."

So these wise men got ready for a very long journey. They took camels and loaded them with food and water and clothing, and besides these, they took some rich gifts to give the new king. They were beautiful gifts—golden boxes and sweet perfumes. They sat on their camels and started on the long, long journey in search of the new king.

Day after day and week after week they traveled until at last, after a long time, they came to the country for which they were searching. They went straight to the king's palace and said, "Where is the new king, for we saw his star in the sky and have come to worship him?" But the king said, "There is no new king here."

Then the wise men knew that somewhere in the country there was a little baby born whom God would some day choose to be a great leader of his people, and they decided to find him. So they began to search, watching the star every night, for they thought it would help them find him. At last one day they found the baby Jesus, not in the king's palace, but in a common little home, with Mary his mother, and Joseph.

And when they found him, they got down from their camels, took their golden boxes and other beau-

tiful gifts in their hands, and went into the house. They kneeled down before the baby and gave him their gifts, for they began to feel that this baby was sent to teach the people great new things about God. And when they had worshiped him, they went back to their own country. Mary loved and cared for her baby very tenderly, so that he might grow up to be a strong helper for God.

And so at Christmas time, on the birthday of the baby Jesus, we, too, give gifts to one another because Jesus taught us to love one another.

THE FAIRY'S NEW YEAR GIFT¹

Two little boys were at play one day when a fairy suddenly appeared to them and said: "I have been sent to give you a New Year present."

She handed to each child a package, and at the same instant was gone.

Carl and Philip opened the packages and found the same thing in each—a beautiful book with white pages, as pure, white, and beautiful as the snow when it first falls.

After a long time, the fairy came again to the boys. "I have brought you each a new book," she said, "and will take the others back to Father Time, who sent them to you."

"May I not keep mine a little longer?" said Philip: "I have only seen one page at a time; for when a leaf turns over it sticks fast, and I never can open the book at more than one place."

"You shall look over your book," said the fairy, "and Philip his." And she lit for each of them a little

¹From *In the Child's World*, by Emilie Poulsson, published by Milton Bradley Co. Used by permission.

silver lamp, by the light of which they saw the pages as she turned them.

The boys looked in wonder. Could it be that this was the same fair book she had given them a year ago? Where were the pure white pages, as pure, white, and beautiful as the snow when it first falls? Here was a page with ugly black blots and scratches upon it; while the very next page had a lovely little picture. Some pages were decorated with gold and silver and gorgeous colors, others with beautiful flowers, and still others with a rainbow of softest, most delicate brightness. Yet even on the most beautiful of the pages there were those ugly blots and scratches.

Carl and Philip looked up at the fairy at last.

"Who did this?" they asked. "Every page was white and fair as we opened to it; yet now there is not a single blank space in the whole book."

"Shall I explain some of the pictures to you?" said the fairy, smiling at the two little boys. "See, Philip, the spray of roses blossomed on this page when you let the baby have your playthings; and this pretty bird which looks so cunning and as if it were singing with all its might would never have been on this page if you had not tried to be kind and pleasant the other day instead of quarreling."

"But what makes this blot?" asked Philip.

"That," said the fairy sadly. "That came when you told an untruth one day; and this when you did not mind your mother. All these blots and scratches, that look so ugly both on your book and on Carl's, were made when you were naughty in any way and did not obey your mother or father or your teacher. Each pretty thing in your books came on the page when you were good, and each blot when you were naughty."

"Oh! if we could only have the books again!" said Carl and Philip.

"That cannot be," said the fairy. "See! they are marked '1929' and they must now go back into Father Time's bookcase; but I have brought you each a new one. Perhaps you can make these more beautiful than the others."

So saying she vanished, and the boys were left alone; but each held in his hand a new book open at the first page.

And on the back of this book was "1930." It was the book of the New Year.

A BLIND MAN HEALED¹

IN THE 'long-ago time when Jesus lived on the earth, there lived in the city of Jericho a blind man named Bartimaeus. Because he was blind, Bartimaeus had no way of earning his living. So every morning he took his cane and felt his way along the streets to the city gate, then out of the gate and down the road to a wide shady tree. There he would sit all day long, holding out a cup so that travelers might drop money in it. Sometimes tired travelers would stop and tell Bartimaeus stories, stories of the cities and the people and the great temple at Jerusalem where many went to worship God. Then Bartimaeus would try to make pictures of these things in his mind, but he could not think what they looked like.

One bright sunny day, Bartimaeus felt his way down the road to the tree. The sun was shining so brightly that it made him feel warm, and he said to himself, "They say the sky is very blue when the sun is warm like this. I wish I could see a blue sky."

¹Blanche Carrier.

He sat down under the tree and put his cane beside him. In the branches over him the birds were twittering and calling to each other and Bartimaeus said to himself, "They say the birds are building a nest when they sing like that. I wish I could see birds building a nest."

In the road he could hear the camels going up to the city, trop-trop-, trop-trop, they went, and Bartimaeus said to himself, "They say that the camels carry wonderful loads of gay rugs, beautiful silks and shining jewelry. When they reach the city, the drivers will spread out these things and the people will come to buy. I wish I could see the beautiful things camels carry."

Just then Bartimaeus heard someone coming up the road, step, step, step, step, they came, and he reached for his cup and held it out. But he heard a voice saying, "Hail, Bartimaeus, for I am your friend. I have just come from a journey through Galilee."

Then Bartimaeus was glad, for this was one of the friends who used to stop and tell him stories. "And what did you see on your journey?" he asked.

"I have wonderful things to tell you, my friend," said the man. "In the cities where I have been there is a teacher whose name is Jesus. He is going from city to city with his friends, telling the people new things about God. But he is doing more than that, he makes sick people well, lame people walk, and——"

"Oh," said Bartimaeus, "did you hear that he ever made a blind man see?"

"Yes," said his friend, "it is said that in Bethsaida he opened the eyes of a blind man."

"Will he ever come to Jericho?" asked Bartimaeus. "Do you think he will come this way?"

"I do not know, my friend. I hope he may, but I must go on to Jericho, or I could tell you other stories of the teacher."

The man went on up the road to Jericho, and Bartimaeus was left alone under the tree. He had no money in his cup, but he had a great deal to think about. If only Jesus could come this way and open his eyes. Then he could see the birds and the sky and the camels. Oh, if only Jesus would come! But if he did come, he might be too busy or too great to help a poor blind man.

Bartimaeus heard a great crowd coming up the road. He could tell by the sound of them that there was a crowd. He called to some men who were passing near by, "Who is it coming up the road?"

"It is Jesus, the teacher, and his friends," they called back. When Bartimaeus heard this he was so excited he could scarcely sit still. He stretched his arms and called with a loud voice, "Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me! Jesus, help me!" But the men said to him, "Do not call Jesus, he is too busy to help you." But he did not listen. He thought only of how happy he would be if he could see. So he called again, "Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me! Oh, Jesus help me!"

Then he heard the crowd stop and a strong, quiet voice say "Bring him to me." Bartimaeus sprang to his feet and felt his way quickly to the road, for he knew it was the voice of Jesus.

And Jesus said, "What is it you would have me do for you?" "Oh, Teacher, if I could only see!" and Jesus said, "You shall see." Then a wonderful thing happened, for the eyes of Bartimaeus were opened, and he saw the face of Jesus! And then he saw the blue sky, and the birds, and the people in their bright robes.

"Oh, Teacher, I can see," cried Bartimaeus, "I shall follow you and help you always," and as Jesus went up the road to Jericho, Bartimaeus followed him, ready to help him in his work.

ZACCHAEUS LEARNING HOW TO LIVE¹

IN THE city of Jericho, years ago, there lived a rich man named Zacchaeus. He was a collector of the king's taxes and he was rich because he was not honest. When he went to the homes of the people he always demanded more money than the taxes really were, so that he could keep a part of it for himself. All tax-collectors did this, so Zacchaeus did not think it so very wrong. He spent the money to build himself a beautiful big home, to hire a great many servants, to buy the best of food and clothing. But with all this he was not happy. He had very few friends and when he walked down the streets of the city the people turned away and would not walk with him.

One bright spring morning Zacchaeus left his beautiful home and walked to the market-place. He found the streets of the city crowded with people, and he heard them talking excitedly about someone who was coming. He listened to one group and then another. He heard one man say, "Jesus is coming. He will tell us some of his stories," and a woman who carried a baby replied, "They say he makes sick people well. Perhaps he will heal my baby." "He is such a wonderful friend and teacher. It is no wonder that everyone loves him," said another woman.

Just then there was a stir among the people and one cried out, "Jesus has entered the city gate."

¹Adapted by Blanche Carrier.

Instantly they crowded toward the road. Zacchaeus went, too, but the crowd was so thick and he was so far back that he could not see over their heads. He moved up a little farther, but still he could not see. Just then he saw a sycamore tree not far away. Its trunk was crooked, and it would be very easy to step up into the crotch and look over the heads of the crowd. He ran ahead a little and raised himself to look down the road. Sure enough, there was Jesus walking toward them with a few of his special friends. He was talking with them as they made their way down the street.

Then a very astonishing thing happened. When he came near the tree, Jesus looked about. He smiled at the crowd and greeted them pleasantly. Then he looked straight at Zacchaeus and said, "Zacchaeus, make haste and step down. I should like to have dinner at your house to-day."

Zacchaeus was amazed and flattered to think that this famous man whom everyone loved should offer to come to his home. He was proud that he had a fine home where he could take such an honored guest. So he quickly stepped down and started toward home with Jesus. He could see that the crowd was displeased and he heard some of them say, "Why should Jesus eat with such a wicked man? He should come to our home." And friends of Jesus said to him, "If you will excuse us, Jesus, we will have dinner with some of our friends."

"Yes," said Jesus quietly. "You may go, but I shall eat with Zacchaeus."

As the two walked down the beautiful streets of Jericho Jesus said, "This is a beautiful city, Zacchaeus."

"Yes," answered Zacchaeus proudly, "it is a beau-

tiful city. There are some wonderful houses. But mine is the very finest of all."

"That is a very lovely house over there," said Jesus.

"That is mine and the finest in Jericho," boasted Zacchaeus. "Would you like to see the grounds before we go inside?"

Jesus agreed and they walked around the mansion.

"These great pillars are the finest the country produces," explained Zacchaeus. "The fountain is of pure marble. It cost me a great deal of money. It was a long, long time before I could get these lovely trees to grow. I spent much money on the garden."

"Beautiful," whispered Jesus. "How thankful you must be."

"Let us go inside," said the host. "It is lovelier within."

So they climbed the great stone steps. All over the beautiful home they went with Zacchaeus explaining. "That piece of statuary came from Greece. I am very careful and proud of it. You cannot find another piece like it in all the land."

Finally they came to the library. The place was lined with scrolls, which was the kind of books they had in that day. Very few people owned books, but here was a man with many, many of them.

"Books!" exclaimed Jesus. "Books!"

"Yes, I got most of them from Rome. I love books. I have spent a small fortune for these," said Zacchaeus. "But come in to dinner, for you must be hungry."

They were seated at the table and servants came hurrying in with trays of rich food. As they began their meal, Zacchaeus said to Jesus, "Tell me about some of your friends."

Jesus' face lighted with happiness, and he began to tell of one and another in whose homes he had been. But as Jesus talked, the face of Zacchaeus became sadder and sadder.

Jesus paused and said, "You have this beautiful home where you may bring your friends. Are you not happy?"

"No," said Zacchaeus slowly. "I am not happy. I have almost no friends. I think I have not learned the way to be happy as you have. Tell me what to do."

"Love people, Zacchaeus," explained Jesus. "Try to help them. Sympathize with them when they are sad. Give to them when they are poor. Love them all. Tell them about the heavenly Father. Then they will know someone is near who cares."

"I wish I could do that, Master. I make people sad instead of glad. I make them unhappy. They love you. They hate me. Show me how to make them happy," pleaded Zacchaeus.

"Zacchaeus," answered the Master, "God the Father is the Father of us all. He wants all his children to be happy. They cannot all be happy if they rob others of what they need. God loves all people, not just a few. The only way for anyone to be happy is to love and help others."

"I never knew that before," said Zacchaeus sadly, "I thought the only way to be happy was to be rich and have fine things. I am a tax-gatherer. I have made poor people pay too much, and then I have kept it. I am sorry."

"I know that you are sorry, Zacchaeus," replied Jesus, "but you do not have to continue making them unhappy."

"Why, no!" cried Zacchaeus, a happy light coming

into his eyes. "I know what I can do. I can give back what I have stolen. I will give back to every person four times as much as I took. I will take some of my money and give to those who need it. Yes, I can make people happy."

"Do not forget to give sympathy and love as well as money, Zacchaeus," cautioned the Master. "Only so can you serve the heavenly Father."

"I won't forget," promised Zacchaeus, "I will start to-day. This is a great day in my life, Master, for you have shown me the way to be happy."

JESUS SHOWING GOD'S LOVE FOR ALL NATIONS¹

LONG ago Jesus lived among men telling them stories about God and trying to show them what God was like. With his twelve special friends whom he had chosen to go with him and learn to do God's work, he went about from town to town, from city to country, telling the people about God. Now the people of Jesus' country were Jews, just as we are Americans. The Jews had worshiped God and tried to understand him for a long time, but they had a queer idea about him. They thought that God loved them more than any other people on the earth. They thought he did not love people who were born in other countries, who had skins and clothes different from theirs. So they always tried to help anyone in their own country but they paid no attention to anyone from another land.

One day Jesus was walking with his friends through the busy streets of a city. It was a city where a great many people, strangers from other lands lived. As they went, they heard someone say in a timid voice,

¹Blanche Carrier.

"O Master, my little girl is very sick at home. Will you not say the word that will make her well? I know you are come from God and have power to make her well." The friends had heard people say this many times. Everywhere they went, men and women stopped him and asked for help. They saw Jesus stop and look at the woman, but when they looked, they saw that she was from another country.

"Jesus will not help her," they thought. "She is not one of God's children as we are." And they started to move on, but Jesus stood still. He looked at the face of the woman, so sad because of the sickness of the little girl she loved. Then he looked at the men who were his friends. They had turned to go on and he could see from their faces that they did not wish him to help her. Jesus talked kindly with her for a few minutes, then he said, "Go home, and you will find your daughter well as before." The woman was overjoyed. She thanked him again and again, not only because of her little daughter, but also because she knew that God loves all people and that she could pray to him every day.

Jesus went on through the street with his friends. He looked at their faces. They were not happy because he had helped her. But he smiled to himself. "They will learn some day," he thought. "They are all my Father's children."

JESUS' LOVE FOR A WOMAN¹

WHEN Jesus lived on the earth, there was a woman who was very unhappy. She had no home, and no one to love her. Because she had no home, she had to be a servant to other people. She did not mind the

¹Blanche Carrier.

work, but often the people for whom she worked made her do things she knew were wrong. She even did things that were against the laws of her country and her church. Then she was very unhappy and wished she might live in the right way. But she had no money to go away from these people, so she stayed.

One day some officers came to the house where she worked and found her doing the wrong things she was made to do. They took her away and made her walk down the street, so that everyone could see her. Crowds gathered around her and she hung her head in shame. She was so miserable that she wished she could die. The men talked loudly about her.

"The law says that such women should be killed," said one. "Let us all throw stones at her until she dies." The crowd grew noisier and the woman saw the men pick up big stones to throw at her. She sank down to the ground and put her arms over her head. Just then she heard one man say, "Here comes the teacher from God who always thinks he knows what is right. Let us ask him if we should do this." "Surely we should," replied another, "for she is such a bad woman."

Then the woman heard someone say, "Master, tell me, shall we not stone this woman, for she has done great wrong?" Everything was very quiet for a moment, and then a strong quiet voice said, "If there is one among you who has not also done wrong at some time, he may throw the first stone." The woman bowed her head still lower and waited for the stone to strike. But she heard nothing except footsteps of people going away. She looked around and found that everyone had gone but one man, and he stood near by. She could tell from his face that he was Jesus, for

he was kind and strong. If only he could help her. Suddenly she did not feel afraid of him, as she was of all other men.

She looked up at him and said, "Master, I have done wrong, I know I should be punished." And when Jesus looked at her, she saw that he loved her. She saw that he understood that often she had not wanted to do wrong, but had been made to, that often she had wanted to do right. His face was so strong and good that suddenly she wanted to begin again and do always the right thing. Then Jesus said softly, "Go and try again, daughter. Be strong to do the right."

So as she went back to where she lived, she was happier than she had ever been before, for she knew that someone loved her and cared for her, and that God would help her to be strong.

JESUS TEACHING ABOUT GOD'S CARE¹

As JESUS and his twelve best friends went about teaching and helping the people they often grew very tired. Sometimes the disciples were discouraged and wondered where they would get money enough to buy their food and clothes. Then Jesus would stop and try to comfort them.

One day when he was down by the seashore his disciples sat very near him. They could see the little birds flying here and there among the trees. Jesus watched them for awhile and then he said, "See the birds in the air. They do not work. Yet God gives food to them. Are you not much better than they? Surely he will give you food and drink."

Then he looked at the flowers and saw all their

¹Amy Clowes.

lovely colors. "See the lilies of the field," he said. "They toil not. Yet God cares for them. Why need you worry? Shall he not much more clothe you, O you of little faith?"

And as the disciples looked at Jesus' face and listened to his cheery voice their faces began to look happy too. And they were glad that they had this kind new friend who was teaching them such wonderful things about God.

JESUS TEACHING A BEAUTIFUL WAY TO LIVE¹

IN THE days when Jesus went about teaching the people about God they had some very strange ideas. They knew that if a person was friendly to them they should be friendly too. But if a person was unkind to them they thought it was right for them to be unkind in return.

This made Jesus sad and he knew he would have to help them.

"One day he said to the people. 'You have heard that it hath been said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy." But I say unto you, "Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who are unkind to you."'"

And the people looked at Jesus with wonder in their faces. "Be kind to your enemies?" they said. That is a very strange way to do. For they had not been taught such things before.

And as Jesus went away he was sad for he knew it would take them a long time to learn to treat everyone with love. "But they will learn some day," he thought and went on each day teaching them new and beautiful ways of living.

¹Amy Clowes.

THE WORM THAT WAITED¹

THE worm was cold and ugly and gray. It crawled slowly across the bare ground of the garden where Frances was planting the bulb.

The bulb, too, was cold and ugly and gray. Frances turned it over and over in her hand before she put it in the hole in the earth.

"I don't see how it can be true," she said to herself. "I don't see how it could possibly happen. And it will be such a very long while to wait. Do you believe it?" She spoke to the worm, but the worm had not a word to say in reply. The worm was thinking, too.

"I don't see how it can be true," was what the worm was thinking. "I don't understand how it could possibly be true. It will be a very long time, but I will wait." And with that the worm took its slow, creeping way across the garden to a bush near by. It was so ugly that no one paid any attention to it. No one took even the pains to step upon it.

Frances put the bulb in its hole in the ground and covered it carefully with earth. When she came out a few days later to see if anything had happened to the bulb, nothing was to be seen. It was covered more deeply than ever, now, for the red and yellow leaves had spread themselves over it. The worm wrapped in a gray blanket, hung from the bush near by, waiting.

"I'm sure that such an ugly gray thing as this will always stay ugly," Frances said, looking down at the spot where she had planted the bulb.

"I'm sure," thought the worm, swinging in the cold wind, "that such an ugly gray thing as I will always stay ugly, but I shall wait and see."

¹From *The Outdoor Story Book*, by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey, published by The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

The chrysanthemums in the house blossomed soon. The yellow ones were like great gold balls, and the white ones looked like snowballs. Frances watered them, and set them in the sunshine. At Thanksgiving time, she cut the chrysanthemums. There were enough to fill a great bowl in the center of the table, and to put in the vase in grandmother's room.

The day after Thanksgiving, Frances went out into the garden and to the place where she had buried the gray bulb. She could not see it. The leaves that had been so pretty, all red and yellow, were turned to brown.

"What's the use of waiting for it?" Frances said.

The worm was so shriveled and shrunken now that he rattled around in his blanket, but the wind carried some of Frances' words to him.

"The use of waiting! The use of waiting!" was what the wind said to the worm.

Then the Christmas rose in the house sent out a bud. Frances set it in the sunniest window of all, and the bud opened into a lovely red rose. Frances put the Christmas rose in Mother's room and it was a beautiful, blossoming plant when the earth outside was bare. On Christmas afternoon Frances put on her hood and her fur coat, and went out to the garden to the place where the bulb was. It lay deep under the snow.

"It never can live, now," she said.

The bush where the worm hung, as dried and small as a seed now in his gray blanket, was covered with ice. The icicles rattled about and cut him like little knives. But they played a kind of tune, too, as they struck each other, repeating Frances' words.

"Live!" was what they said to the patient worm.

Then the winter was over, and it was Easter time.

Everywhere there was green, in the fields and on the trees and in the gardens. The brook woke up and sang an Easter carol, and the robin began a new nest in the apple tree. Frances had forgotten all about her bulb in the garden, but she went outdoors and stood in the garden path because everything was so pretty once more.

Down through the Easter sunshine fluttered a beautiful moth. Its wings were like jewels, blue and green and crimson, set in gold. It flew in front of Frances and then it went on ahead. She laughed and clapped her hands as she ran, too, following it. On and on flew the moth until it stopped over the place where the bulb lay.

Oh, how wonderful! The bulb had lived all through the winter, and now it had sent up its long green leaves. There was a flower, too, a gold cup to hold the sunshine, standing straight and tall on its long green stem.

"It was a very long while to wait, but how pretty it is now!" Frances said. Then she looked up at the bush where the patient worm had hung all winter in his gray blanket. But he was no longer there. His gray blanket was torn and empty. The ugly gray worm had become the beautiful moth which had flown down to the garden.

THE FIRST EASTER¹

A LONG, long time ago as you have often heard, Jesus lived on this earth. Very busy he was, too, going about from city to city, from temple to house, and from hillside to seashore. His work was to teach people everywhere many things about God the heavenly

¹Adapted from a story by Blanche Carrier.

Father which they never knew before. He told them beautiful stories and wherever he went the people followed him to hear him talk. Sometimes he would go up on a hill and when the people gathered about him, he would stand where all could see him, and talk to them in his quiet, strong voice about God. Sometimes when he was by the sea and the people came, he stepped into a boat and pushed out until he could see them all. Then he taught them again. Everywhere he went, his helpers went with him. They were men who loved him and wanted to help him in his work.

The people loved him, too, and whenever anyone was sick or in trouble, they came to him. Jesus loved them so much that he healed them—made sick people well, and lame people walk, and blind people see. Wherever he went, men came bringing their sick friends and women came with their little children, and he helped them all.

But this is not all that Jesus did. Whenever he saw men doing things that were wrong, he spoke to them about it. When he saw people cheating or taking things that were not their own, he tried to stop them. This made them very angry, and they tried to stop his work. At last they had him arrested and then they killed him. His helpers came and took his body and put it in a clean cave in a beautiful garden, and rolled a stone against the door.

Then all the helpers and people who loved Jesus most went into a house and talked together about the teacher they had loved so much and how they must go on helping people and teaching them about God just as he would do if he had been with them. And they prayed to the heavenly Father about it, so that they might do his work well.

It was Sunday morning, three days after Jesus had been killed. Early in the morning, while it was yet dark, Mary Magdalene, one of his friends, went to the place where they had put his body. She wanted to see him again. The tears came to her eyes as she thought about the happy times they had spent together. Now she had come to leave a gift there to show her love.

As she drew near to the door of the tomb she wept because she was so sad. She felt very badly as she began to think of the many times when Jesus had helped her in her troubles. She thought of all the people she knew who had also been helped by the wonderful things he had said and done.

And then, we are told that Mary heard Jesus speaking to her just as he had always done. "Go to our friends," he said, "and say to them that I am going to my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God."

Then Mary was comforted for she felt sure that Jesus was not dead. She could not stay in the garden any longer because she was eager to tell of this new joy that had come to her. "Jesus is not dead," she said as she hastened to her friends. And when they had heard they, too, were comforted. They were sure that Jesus was not dead but that his spirit still lived.

THE MINSTREL SONG¹

ONCE, long, long ago, there lived in a country over the sea a king called Rene, who married a lovely princess whose name was Imogen. Imogen came across the seas to the king's beautiful country, and

¹From *Mother Stories*, by Maud Lindsay, published by Milton Bradley Co. Used by permission.

all his people welcomed her with great joy because the king loved her.

"What can I do to please thee to-day?" the king asked her every morning; and one day the queen answered that she would like to hear all the minstrels in the king's country, for they were said to be the finest in the world.

As soon as the king heard this, he called his heralds and sent them everywhere through his land to sound the trumpets and call aloud: "Hear, ye minstrels! King Rene, our gracious king, bids ye come to the court on May-day, for love of the Queen Imogen."

The minstrels were men who sang beautiful songs and played on harps; and long ago they went about from place to place, from castle to castle, from palace to cottage, and were always sure of a welcome wherever they roamed. They could sing of the brave deeds that the knights had done, and of wars and battles. They could tell of the mighty hunters who hunted in the great forests, and of fairies and goblins, better than a story book. And because there were no story books in those days, everybody from little children to the king was glad to see them come.

So when the minstrels heard the king's message they made haste to the palace on May-day; and it so happened that some of them met on the way and decided to travel together. One of these minstrels was a young man named Harmonius; and while the others talked of the songs that they would sing he gathered the wild flowers that grew by the roadside.

"I can sing of drums and battles," said the oldest minstrel, whose hair was white and whose step was slow.

"I can sing of ladies and their fair faces," said the

youngest minstrel; but Harmonius whispered, "Listen! Listen!"

"Oh, we hear nothing but the wind in the tree-tops," said the others. "We have no time to stop and listen."

Then they hurried on and left Harmonius; and he stood under the trees and listened, for he heard something very sweet. At last he knew that it was the wind singing of its travels through the wide world; telling how it raced over the blue sea, tossing the waves and rocking the white ships, and hurried on to the hills where all the flowers danced gayly in time to the tune. Harmonius could understand every word:

"Nobody follows me where I go,
Over the mountains or valleys below;
Nobody sees where the wild winds blow,
Only the Father in Heaven can know."

That was the chorus of the wind's song. Harmonius listened until he knew the whole song from beginning to end; and then he ran on and soon reached his friends, who were still talking of the grand sights they were to see.

"We shall see the king and speak to him," said the oldest minstrel.

"And his golden crown and the queen's jewels," added the youngest; and Harmonius had no chance to tell of the wind's song, although he thought about it time and time again.

Now their path led them through the wood; and as they talked, Harmonius said, "Hush! Listen!" But the others answered, "Oh, that is only the sound of the brook trickling over the stones. Let us make haste to the king's court."

But Harmonius stayed to hear the song that the brook was singing, of journeying through mosses and ferns and shady ways, and of tumbling over the rocks in shining waterfalls on its way to the sea.

“Rippling and bubbling through shade and sun,
On to the beautiful sea I run;
Singing forever though none be near,
For God in Heaven can always hear.”

sang the little brook. Harmonius listened until he knew every word of the song, and then he hurried on.

When he reached the others, he found them still talking of the king and queen, so he could not tell them of the brook. As they talked he heard something again that was wonderfully sweet, and he cried “Listen! Listen!”

“Oh that is only a bird!” the others replied. “Let us make haste to the king’s court!”

But Harmonius would not go, for the bird sang so joyfully that Harmonius laughed aloud when he heard the song. It was singing of green trees, and in every tree a nest, and in every nest eggs! Oh! the bird was so gay as it sang:

“Merrily, merrily, listen to me,
Flitting and flying from tree to tree,
Nothing fear I, by land or sea,
For God in Heaven is watching me.”

“Thank you, little bird,” said Harmonius, “you have taught me a song.” And he made haste to join his comrades, for by this time they were near the palace.

When they had gone in, they received a hearty welcome, and were feasted in the great hall before

they came before the king. The king and queen sat on their throne together. The king thought of the queen and the minstrels; but the queen thought of her old home, and the butterflies she had chased when she was a child.

One by one the minstrels played before them. The oldest minstrel sang of battles and drums, just as he had said he would and the youngest minstrel sang of ladies and their fair faces, which pleased the court ladies very much.

Then came Harmonius. And when he touched his harp and sang, the song sounded like the wind blowing, the sea roaring, and the trees creaking; then it grew very soft, and sounded like a trickling brook dripping on stones and running over little pebbles; and while the king and queen and all the court listened in surprise, Harmonius' song grew sweeter, sweeter, sweeter. It was as if you heard all the birds in Spring. And then the song was ended.

The queen clapped her hands, and the ladies waved their handkerchiefs, and the king came down from his throne to ask Harmonius if he came from Fairyland with such a wonderful song. But Harmonius answered:

“Three singers sang along our way,
And I learned the song from them to-day.”

Now all the other minstrels looked up in surprise when Harmonius said this; and the oldest minstrel said to the king, “Harmonius is dreaming! We heard no music on our way to-day.” And the youngest minstrel said, “Harmonius is surely mad. We met nobody on our way to-day.”

The queen said, “This is an old, old song. I heard

it from the wind and the water and the birds when I was a little child. Harmonius shall be our court minstrel and sing to us every day of this great, wide, wonderful, beautiful world."

TAKI OF TEAPOT LANE¹

ONCE upon a time a lady and gentleman from America went on a visit to Japan, 'way across the sea. They thought they had never seen such a lovely country, for the cherry-trees were covered with pretty pink blossoms and the Japanese people in soft-colored kimonos walked under those trees and composed quaint little poems about the blossoms.

Then one day the lady said, "Henry, dear, it's our last day in Japan, and we simply must go to a real Japanese tea-house, one where only Japanese people go and where nobody can speak a word of English."

So they asked the proprietor of their hotel about it, and he bowed very politely and said that in Teapot Lane was a tea-house that would certainly suit them. And it did. The lady said afterwards that she wouldn't have missed that cup of tea for anything in the world, and I assure you that Taki felt the same way about it.

Taki was a little Japanese girl whose father kept the tea-house where our lady and gentleman happened to go. It was the tiniest kind of a tea-house, so very, very small that only Taki's mother and father and herself were needed to wait on the customers.

It would have been fun to watch the lady and gentleman enter that house, for the doorway was so low that they proved much too tall to walk in in the regu-

¹From *Catarina's Nine Tales*, by Margaret T. Applegarth. Used by permission of the Baptist Board of Education.

lar way; they had to stoop 'way over, which was amusing but nothing compared to their astonishment when they looked around for tea-tables and chairs.

"Perhaps they're house-cleaning," said the gentleman.

But the lady laughed. "Oh, Henry, I know! The Japanese always sit right down on the floor; no chairs at all. You see how clean the matting is kept. Come on, let's try it!"

So they folded their stiff American legs under them, as if they each wanted to turn into a human letter Z. It was not so bad at first, but before three minutes were over the gentleman cried that his feet were going fast asleep, and the lady said hers felt "exactly like prickly pin-cushions, oh, dear! oh, dear!" So really it was only Taki who kept them from leaving at once. For Taki came pattering into the room, flopped down on her little knees and politely bumped her nice little forehead on the matting floor as she said, "Is the worshipfuls wanting tea—honorably yes?"

"If you please!" smiled the lady, in love with Taki's dear, queer English. So Taki pattered away, returning with two absurd little tables tucked under her arms. You would have laughed at the queer little legs those tables had, no longer than your longest finger! But, of course, people who sit on the floor to eat need tables exactly like that. Taki knelt to place them before her guests; then brought them tea and strange-looking cakes. After she had served them with everything they could possibly eat, she sat back on her heels and looked at the lady and gentleman very carefully.

"Is you husbands and wives?" she asked, cocking her head on one side.

"We are," said the gentleman.

"And what's more," said the lady, "we're missionaries. Did you ever hear of people like that?"

"No," Taki answered, squinting at them in a puzzled way, "but if you is this missionary, then it are something to bring the happy—honorably yes?"

"Oh, Taki! Taki!" cried the lady, very much pleased, "that's exactly what we want to do, to bring happiness. We're going to some islands called the Philippines to-morrow, but to-day I do wish we could bring this happiness to you. Henry, have you the little Japanese Bible in your pocket, the one Mr. Smith gave you? Well, let's give it to Taki."

The gentleman fished the Bible out of his pocket and handed it to Taki. "It's full of stories you will love," he said. "See it's all written in Japanese, and it begins here——" Then he opened it at what you and I would certainly suppose was the front of the Bible.

But Taki laughed and laughed, as politely as she could, however, so that his feelings would not be hurt. "That are the endings of Japanese books," she smiled. "It are begin here." Whereupon both the lady and the gentleman discovered that Japanese books begin at the back and are read from the back toward the front.

"The book tells about God, oh, lovely stories! Will you read it, Taki?" they asked.

"Ever and ever so long time each day," she promised, hugging the Bible against the sash of her blue kimono, bowing many, many times. And would you believe it, when they tried to pay for their tea, she absolutely refused their money. "Aren't I got book?" she asked. "Well, that are all the pays I are asking, honorably thanking you."

The nice part of this story is that although the

lady and gentleman sailed away from Japan that very evening, they told another missionary in that Japanese town all about Taki. And every day they remembered to pray for her, asking God to help her believe the Bible.

So a few days later when this other missionary came to call there sat Taki on the matting floor, her little Bible safely stowed away inside her big long sleeve, while she served tea to customers. But the minute the tea-house was empty, she pulled out her Bible and slowly began spelling out the stories. She has been going to our mission ever since, and not only does Taki go, but Taki's father goes, also Taki's mother, and neighbors.

THE ARTIST WHO FORGOT FOUR COLORS¹

ONCE upon a time a very beautiful church was being built. Before it was done the people said, "Now the time has come to get the very finest artist we can find to make a wonderful picture for our stained-glass window over the choir."

So they appointed a very wise committee to choose the artist and the subject of the picture. The committee decided on a picture which would tell the story of the song about Jesus and the children.

"I think when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with him then."

Now an artist paints on a great sheet of canvas that stands before him. In his hand he holds his palette,

¹From *Missionary Stories for Little Folks*, by Margaret T. Applegarth. Used by permission of Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc. Adapted by Blanche Carrier.

an oval piece of board with his little boxes of paint and brushes on it.

So the artist chosen by the committee began to paint. Day after day he painted, until he made what he knew was the very best picture he had ever done. He loved every inch of that canvas, for there was Jesus and all around him the happiest looking children you can imagine. Their mouths were open and you could almost hear them singing, "Glory! Glory! Glory be to God on High!"

The artist was so pleased when his picture was finished. He sent word to the committee to come the next morning to see it. Then he went to bed, quite sure that the committee would be delighted with it. In the middle of the night he was quite sure he heard a little noise in the studio where his precious picture was. He listened—yes, he knew he heard sounds. So he got up and hurried in, and there he found a stranger with his thumb through the artist's palette, actually painting on the artist's picture!

The artist rushed up and cried, "Oh, stop, stop! You are ruining it. Oh, look, you have spoiled it already and the committee is coming to-morrow morning."

The stranger turned calmly around and said, "When I came in the room, I saw you had spoiled it yourself, so I am making it right. You have five colors on your palette. Why did you use only one color for the faces of the little children? Who told you their faces were all white?"

The artist looked surprised as he tried to think. "Why, no one ever told me, sir, but I always thought of it that way."

The stranger smiled kindly. "But now, of course, you see how wrong you were. I have simply used

three other colors and made some of the faces yellow and some brown, some red and some black. For these little ones have come from many lands in answer to my call."

"Your call?" asked the artist, puzzled. "What call, sir?"

The stranger's wonderful voice said softly, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Then the artist knew that the stranger was the Lord Jesus, but he turned to find that the stranger was gone and that he was alone with the changed picture. He went closer to look at it and as he looked, he smiled happily. For with the white children there were some little yellow children with slanting eyes and he knew that they were singing "Glory be to God on High" in Chinese. Next to them were quaint little brown children with great brown eyes, and then the black children, and last of all the little red children. They were all happy together.

But suddenly the artist awoke to find himself in bed with the morning sun coming in his window. He rushed into the studio. Sure enough, it was a dream, for there was the picture just as he had painted it, with all the little faces white. "Oh, I must make my picture as beautiful as it was in the dream," he said. "I must hurry and fix it before the committee comes."

So he took his brushes and set to work. Oh, how he worked to make the picture look just as the stranger had made it. One by one came the quaint little faces—yellow ones, brown ones, black ones, red ones, until the picture was just as he had dreamed it.

When the committee came they admired it very

much. At last one quiet little mother who had some boys and girls at home said, "Why, it's just God's family at home with him." So God's family will always mean five colors to us.

THE LOST CHILDREN¹

WHEN they moved into the new house in the country, the children's father told them not to play in the woods behind the barn.

"It is a wide stretch of forest," he said, "and you might wander about for days."

"But we could always turn round and come straight home," said Roger.

"That is just the trouble," said his father. "It is almost impossible to follow a straight path in the woods. You would keep on going round and round. The only thing for you to do is to stay within sight of the house."

A day or two later Roger was picking flowers near the brook when he saw a glimmer of pink among the low bushes at the edge of the woods.

"That looks like Nannie's apron," he said to himself uneasily. "She must have run away. I shall have to go and bring her back."

It was a long run across the field, but the little pink apron was still in sight when Roger came to the path that led into the wood. Nannie gave a shout when she saw brother Roger. This was a fine game to play, and away she ran, while hot and breathless the little boy toiled after her.

"Stop, Nannie, please stop!" he called, but she would not or could not hear him, and they were soon

¹From *First Book of Religion*, by Mrs. Charles Lane. Used by permission of The Beacon Press, Inc.

quite out of sight of home. The path grew rough and was lost in a tangle of vines and briars, so that Nanny was glad to stop and let Roger catch hold of her hand at the foot of a great beech-tree.

"Now we'll go back," he said; but, alas! this proved to be impossible. Nannie's fleeing feet had dodged among the trees and stumps until all traces of the path had been left far behind.

"Never mind!" said Roger, stoutly, "we'll find it in a minute." And Nannie trudged cheerfully along with her chubby hand fast in his.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and the woods began to seem chilly and damp. Roger looked at Nannie's thin cotton frock and went on a little faster. It seemed to him that they had been walking a long time when they came to the same great beech where he had overtaken Nannie. He was sure that it was the same, for a dead branch hung down from it, covered with dry leaves. It was just as his father had said: they had been going in a circle instead of straight ahead, and they were no nearer home than before.

"What shall I do?" thought Roger, his frightened heart going pit-a-pat, pit-a-pat, against his blue blouse. "If we go on, we'll tire ourselves out, and Nannie is too big for me to carry very far."

Nannie's weary feet were already dragging heavily along, and now she began to cry, sitting down in despair at the foot of the great tree. Roger dropped on his knees beside her. He was only a boy, and he felt very weak and helpless. His mother had taught him to ask God every night to help him to be good; now he would ask that he might be brave.

"Dear God," he said earnestly, "help me not to get frightened, for that makes Nannie cry, and please show me the way home."

If Roger had hoped that the trees would open before him and let him see the way to go, he was disappointed. The wind sang softly in the leaves over his head, the birds were twittering in the distance, a tiny squirrel scurried across a fallen tree and sat watching them with his bright eyes; but nothing else happened. Yet, somehow, Roger felt better, and the woods no longer seemed frightful, but only a big, green, happy place where little creatures could run about without fear. Roger put his arm around Nannie and comforted her until her tears were dry, while the sunlight glancing through the trees fell warm upon them both. Suddenly he remembered that every evening his father and mother watched the sunset from the front porch. His home then must lie between him and the sun, since the woods were directly behind the house and the sun went down directly in front of it.

"Come, Nannie," he cried joyfully. "Brother knows the way now. See the sun through the trees. Our home is over there. Let's go and find it."

Nannie had unbounded faith in Roger, and again they started off bravely. This time all went well. It seemed only a little time before they were safe at home again.

"I asked God to help me, and I tried as hard as I could myself," he said to his mother.

"That is the best way to pray, little son," she told him. "God helps those who help themselves."

HEIDI'S PRAYER¹

HEIDI was a happy little girl who lived in a little house in the mountains of Switzerland with her old

¹Adapted by Blanche Carrier from *Heidi*, by Johanna Spyri.

grandfather. Her friends were Peter the goatherd and a blind old grandmother who lived in a poor little cabin. All day she played and ran about or helped with the goats, or talked to the old grandmother to make her happy. Often the grandmother said, "If only I could read the church hymns again, I could be quite happy. I forget all the things we used to sing about God when I was strong enough to go to church." But there was no one to read to her for no one on the mountains knew how to read except Heidi's grandfather and he would not be friends with anyone.

Then the day came when Heidi was taken to the city. She lived in a great house with many servants. There were no beautiful trees and hills, and Heidi was sad and homesick. Every day a teacher came to help her to learn to read. But Heidi did not like it.

So every day Heidi prayed that God would find some way of helping her to go back to her old home. One day she slipped out of the house and tried to find her way back, but she was lost and after many hours she came back to the big house. Another time, she asked a man who lived in a high tower if she might climb up into the top of it to look for the mountains which she knew must be not far away, but when she came to the top, there were no mountains to be seen. So day after day, Heidi grew more and more homesick. It seemed to her she could not stay here all winter away from her home and everything she loved. She began to wonder if God would really hear her when she prayed, for she saw that he was not helping her to go home.

But at last the long winter was over and one day she was told that she might go back to her old home. She was so joyful as she packed her little trunk and

got on the little train that was to take her to the mountains. When at last the train stopped in the little village and she saw her grandfather waiting for her, she jumped from the train almost before it stopped. The old man was glad to see her, too, and they had much to say to each other as they climbed the mountain.

Soon they came to the house where the old grandmother lived. "Oh, I must stop here," cried Heidi. "The old lady will be so glad to see me, for I have been gone so long." The blind old lady sat in a chair near the door, and just then she called out, "Do I hear the voice and the footsteps of my little Heidi? Oh, now the days will be short again, because she will come to see me and tell me many things."

Heidi was chattering away, telling the old lady of all the strange things she had seen and done alone since she had left, when on a shelf over their heads she saw the little brown hymn-book. "Oh, grandmother," she cried, "I have learned to read. I can read a hymn to you now."

She climbed on a chair and took the book in her hands. Opening it, she found a page that was marked and soiled, and she knew this was one which the old lady loved and had read many times when she was young and strong. Slowly and carefully she began to read the hymn in her clear voice. When she had finished, the old lady said, "Read another, Heidi, read another." So the little girl went on until she had read three or four. When she looked, the tears were running down the cheeks of the old lady and she said, "Ah, child, you will never know how happy this makes me. It brings light into my heart. You will never know how happy it makes me."

Heidi closed the book and kissed the old lady. "I

shall come again to-morrow," she promised. "Now I can read to you every day."

When Heidi was again climbing the mountain with her grandfather toward their home, she said to him, "Grandfather, now I have learned a great lesson. All winter long I prayed that the dear Lord would bring me home again, for I was so homesick. If he had answered my prayer, I would not have been able to read and could not make the grandmother happy. The Lord knew what was best for me. After this, I will be sure he hears my prayer, but he is only sending me what is best."

WHAT BRADLEY OWED¹

THERE was once a boy whose name was Bradley. They called him Tiddley Winks when he was young, because he was such a tiny little thing. When he was about eight years old he had already gotten into the bad habit of thinking of everything as worth so much money. He wanted to know the price of everything he saw, and if it had not cost a great deal it did not seem to him to be of any value at all.

Now this was rather foolish of him, for there are a great many things that money cannot buy, which have no price at all. Money cannot buy the very best things in the world, as you will soon see.

One morning when Bradley came down to breakfast he put on his mother's plate a little piece of paper, neatly folded. His mother opened it, and what do you think was on it? She could hardly believe it, but this is what Bradley had written:

¹Adapted from *Children's Story Sermons*, by Hugh T. Kerr, in *A Manual for Training in Worship*, by Hugh Hartshorne. Used by permission of Dr. Hartshorne and Fleming H. Revell Co.

Mother owes Bradley—

For running errands	25 cents.
For being good	10 cents.
For taking music lessons	15 cents.
Extras.....	<u>5 cents.</u>

Total that mother owes Bradley.....55 cents.

His mother smiled when she read that, but she did not say anything. When lunch came she put the bill on Bradley's plate with the fifty-five cents. Bradley's eyes fairly danced when he saw the money, and he thought his business ability had been quickly rewarded. All at once he saw there was another piece of paper beside his plate, neatly folded, just like the first one. And when he opened it, what do you think he saw? Why, it was a bill from his mother! This is the way it read:

Bradley owes Mother—

For being good to him	nothing.
For nursing him through his long illness with scarlet fever.....	nothing.
For clothes and shoes and gloves and playthings.....	nothing.
For all his meals and his beautiful room...	<u>nothing.</u>

Total that Bradley owes Mother.....nothing.

When he read those words the tears came into Bradley's eyes and he put his arms around his mother's neck, and he placed his hand with the fifty-five cents in her hand and said: "Take the money all back, Mother, and just let me love you and do things for you for nothing."

THE DISOBEDIENT DICKY BIRD¹

THREE little birds, Fluffy, Chirpie, and Dicky, lived in a beautiful nest hung high among the branches of an old oak tree. The father and mother birds were kept very busy every day gathering food for the hungry little mouths that always flew wide open whenever the parent birds came near.

Day by day they grew until they were large enough to take their first trip out of the nest. First, they hopped to the edge of the nest, then to the nearest branch, and as they grew stronger they would hop from twig to twig. At last the mother said,

"Now, birdies, it is time for you to fly down and eat sand." Fluffy and Chirpie flew down and began eating sand, but Dicky said:

"I can't fly; and I don't like sand anyway."

"Oh, but you must eat sand," said his mother; "birds have no teeth with which to grind their food, so we must eat sand that it may grind up the food that we eat, such as bugs, worms, and seeds. Come, you must eat sand if you would become strong." But Dicky only cried the louder: "I can't fly, and I don't like sand!"

Then the mother went to him and pushed him out of the nest, and he spread his wings and flew to the ground.

"Eat sand and grow strong," said Chirpie. "How do you know you don't like it if you won't taste it?" But foolish Dicky only said: "I won't eat sand!"

Now, the mother bird had promised that when they had grown strong they should go to the meadow. So one spring morning she told them they might go,

¹From *Worthwhile Stories for Every Day*, by Lawton B. Evans. Used by permission of author and of Milton Bradley & Co.

though she feared Dicky was not strong enough to go so far. They flew over the fence and through the orchard, and by this time Chirpie and Fluffy were far ahead. Dicky was being left behind. He called loudly: "Wait! wait!" but they were already too far away to hear.

Soon all but Dicky reached the meadow.

"Why, where is Dicky?" exclaimed the mother.

"We left him sitting on the orchard wall," said Fluffy. "He was too tired to fly. He will not eat sand and the bugs make him sick. He is weak."

What a fine time they had. Mother showed them how to get the nicest bugs, worms, and seeds; and they bathed in the brook to their hearts' content. When they had eaten all they could and frolicked all they wished, they looked and saw the great round sun going down in the west, and they knew that night was near. Then they flew back to the dear home tree, and there was Dicky under the tree eating sand!

POEMS AND SONGS

POEMS AND SONGS

GREAT, WIDE WONDERFUL WORLD¹

GREAT, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast,
World, you are beautifully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree—
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the top of the hills.

You friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that
 flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I can hardly think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
My mother kissed me and said, quite gay,

“If the wonderful World is great to you,
And great to father and mother too,
You are more than the Earth, though you are such a
 dot!
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot.

¹By William Brighty Rands.

SHARING¹

If I should have some people come
To play with me to-day
I'd share my toys
And we would have a lovely play.

MY THANKFUL SONG²

I AM thankful all day long
And I sing my thankful song
To God, who sends me everything
That's good; and makes me want to sing.

So all the time I go about
And let my thankful song sing out
To him who hears my song and prayer
At work, or play, or anywhere.

ON OUR STREET³

PEGGY had new roller skates,
The first ones on our street;
And Peggy flitted up and down
On twinkling, flying feet.

Her playmates begged to try her skates,
But Peggy shook her head,
"They're mine. I want to keep them nice,"
Their owner always said.
Piggy Peggy!

¹From *Cradle Roll Lessons*, by Louise M. Oglevee. Used by permission of the Standard Publishing Co., Cincinnati.

²From *Child Life*, by Rose Waldo. Used by permission of the author and Rand, McNally & Co.

³By Frances Crosby Hamlet. Source unknown.

Someone gave Polly roller skates,
A half-worn, battered pair;
And Polly's cup was brimming o'er,
And how she loved to share!

Her dearest chum, the boys next door,
Lame Jack and shy Marie,
All tried those skates, and oh, their joy
Was beautiful to see.
Jolly Polly!

Peggy still has roller skates,
Polly now has none;
But Peggy's are such lonely toys
While Polly's skates had fun.

Peggy has two shining skates,
She never, never lends;
But Polly has a shining face,
And oh, so many friends!

GENTLEMEN GAY¹

SAID old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day
If you want to be happy, give something away."
So he gave a fat turkey to Shoemaker Price,
And the shoemaker said, "What a fine bird! how nice!
I'll give Widow Lee the fine chicken I bought."
Said the pleased Widow Lee, "See this chicken! Oh
my!
I would like to make someone as happy as I.
I'll give Washwoman Biddy my big pumpkin pie."

¹Author and publisher unknown to writer.

And "Oh sure," Biddy said, "It's the queen of all
pies;

Just to look at its yellow face gladdens my eyes.

Now it's my turn, I think, and a sweet ginger cake
For the Finnegan children I'll make."

Said the Finnegan children—Rose, Benny and Hugh,

"It smells sweet of spice, and we'll carry a slice

To little lame Jake who has nothing that's nice."

"Oh I thank you and thank you," said little lame
Jake,

"What a beautiful, beautiful, beautiful cake,

And oh, such a big slice, I will save all the crumbs

And give some to each little sparrow that comes."

And the sparrows they twittered as if they would
say,

Like Old Gentleman Gay, "On a Thanksgiving Day,
If you want to be happy, give something away."

THEN AND NOW¹

IF I had been a shepherd boy

Out on the hills that Christmas night,

And heard the angels' song of joy

And seen the heavens flaming bright,

I think I never could forget;

I know I'd be remembering yet!

I could not be a shepherd boy,

For that was long and long ago;

But still the angels' song of joy

Comes echoing across the snow,

And I can listen, if I will,

And hear their holy anthem still.

¹By Nancy Byrd Turner. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.

FAR AWAY IN OLD JUDEA¹

FAR away in old Judea
Lived the gentle Lord of Love
Happy children gathered round him
Wheresoever he might move,
And sometimes left their play,
Just to follow him all day.

Oh, what wondrous tales he told them
Of our Father's thoughtful care;
How he loves us, leads us, keeps us,
Everyday and everywhere;
That we never need to fear
Since his help is always near!

With what eager eyes they watched him
Passing down the street,
Healing all who needed healing,
Blessing all whom he might meet!
How it made their hearts rejoice
Just to listen to his voice!

A TABLE PRAYER²

FATHER of all, to thee we bring
Our loving thanks this day,
For home and food and all good things,
O help us, Lord, we pray.

¹By Walter J. Mathams. From *Song and Play for Children*. Used by permission of The Pilgrim Press.

²Author of words unknown to the writer.

A BEDTIME PRAYER¹

GOD our Father, now I thank thee,
 For the gladness of to-day,
 For my health and all my blessings,
 For my home and school and play.
 Please forgive if I've been careless,
 Help me find a better way.
 To live helpfully to-morrow
 And to learn just how to pray.

*Amen.*WHAT WOULD YOU DO?²

Now if you should visit a Japanese home
 Where there isn't a sofa or chair,
 And the hostess should say, "Take a seat, sir, I pray,"
 Now where would you sit? Tell me where.
 And should they persuade you to stay there and dine,
 Where knives, forks, and spoons are unknown,
 Do you think you could eat with chopsticks of wood?
 And how might you pick up a bone?
 And then, should they take you a Japanese drive
 In a neat little "rickshaw" of blue,
 And you found, in Japan, that your horse was a man,
 Now what do you think you would do?

THOUGH BLACK THE HAND³

THOUGH black the hand, red, brown, or white,
 All hearts are just the same;
 Each one is precious in his sight,
 Each one he calls by name.

¹By Blanche Carrier.

²From Missionary Program Material by Anita Ferris. Used by permission of Missionary Education Movement.

³By Alfred R. Lincoln. From Ferris' Missionary Program Material, Published by Interchurch Publishing Co., and used by permission.

THE WORLD IS FULL OF CHILDREN¹

THE world is full of children
Of many different ways;
Some are used to icebergs,
And some to torrid days;
Some have tassels, some have beads,
Some have fan or feather.
What a joyful time they'd have
If they got together.

The world is full of children
Of many different kinds
And many different costumes,
And many different minds;
Some in silk and some in fur,
And some in cloth or leather;
But if they had a half a chance,
They'd like to play together.

I LOVE YOU, MOTHER²

"I LOVE you, Mother," said little John,
Then forgetting his work his cap went on
And he was off to the garden swing
Leaving his mother the wood to bring.

"I love you, Mother," said little Nell,
"I love you better than tongue can tell."
Then she teased and pouted half the day
Till her mother rejoiced when she went to play.

¹By Nancy Byrd Turner. From *Picture Story Paper*. Used by Permission of the Methodist Book Concern.

²By Joyce Allison.

"I love you, Mother," said little Fan,
"To-day I'll help you all I can."
Then stepping softly she took the broom
And swept the floor and tidied the room.

"I love you, Mother," again they said,
Three little children going to bed.
Now how do you think that mother guessed
Which of them really loved her best?

JOLLY POLLY¹

MY NAME is Jolly Polly
I have come to live with you,
For I want a little playmate
Who is kind and jolly too.

I shall try to make you happy
Every day that I am here
Little friends, you know, should always
Fill each other's hearts with cheer.

I shall be so glad to help you
Entertain the folks who call
For we should be kind to others
Even if we are quite small.

HELP US, LORD²

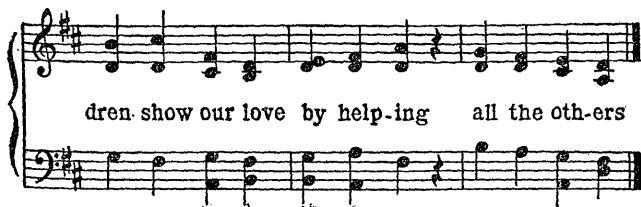
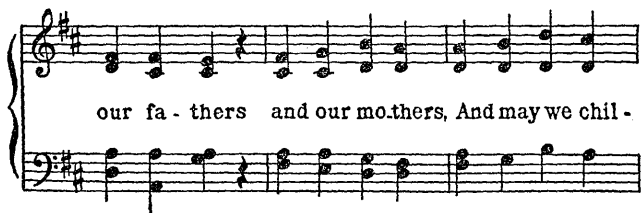
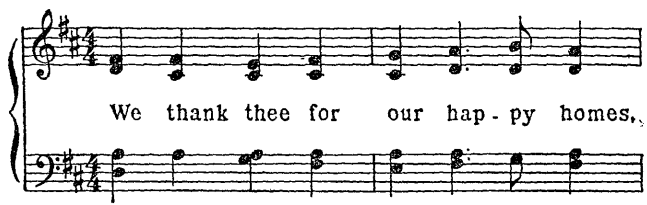
HELP us, Lord, to be to-day
Very kind in all our play.

¹Author and publishers unknown to writer.

²By Edith C. Rice in *The Kindergarten Review*. Used by permission of Milton Bradley Co.

Make us helpful, make us strong,
Show us what is right or wrong,
Hear us, Lord, we pray to thee,
Thine own children would we be.

WE THANK THEE FOR OUR HAPPY HOMES¹



¹Words by Frances Weld Danielson, in *Songs for Little People*. Published by The Pilgrim Press. Music by Grace W. Conant. Found in *Kindergarten Review*. Used by permission of author and Milton Bradley Co.

DIRECTIONS FOR GAMES

DIRECTIONS FOR GAMES

BOUNCE THE BALL

"THE ball is dashed upon the ground with considerable force, the object of the player being to turn around and face about again exactly in time to slap the ball back on each rebound for five times in succession.

HANA, HANA, HANA, KUCHI¹

"The players sit in a circle while the leader, tapping her nose (all others imitate), says, 'Hana, hana, hana, kuchi,' which means nose, nose, nose, mouth. Meanwhile she taps some other feature, as for instance her ear. The game is to do what the leader says not what she does, which is very difficult when she is quick.

"The names of the features are:

"hana	.	.	.	nose.
kuchi	.	.	.	mouth
mimi	.	.	.	ear.
me	.	.	.	eye.

"Whenever anyone makes a mistake he must take the leader's place or submit to being daubed on the cheek with flour and water."

Third-grade children will find this quite difficult enough if only the American names are used.

¹From *Children at Play in Many Lands*, by Katharine Stanley Hall. Used by permission of the Missionary Education Movement.

HOP TAG (Syrian)

"The one who is it has to hop while he is chasing the others who can run." This will make a good out-of-door game.

OTODOMA

"Make a number of small bags about two inches square and fill them with rice. The game is to toss these in the air, keeping three, four, or five going at the same time."

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